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108

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FOR MEN ONLY

VOL. 10, NO. 8 AUG. 1963

SPECIAL BOOK BONUS

THE NAKED WENCH.....**Carter Brown** 17
She was a wanton witch who ran a weird cult of sensation-seeking sinners.

TRUE

WW II'S INCREDIBLE "BASTARD SQUADRON THAT RUINED THE JAP AIR FORCE".**Jack Pearl** 12
A gang of misfits, they downed 156 zeroes to rack up the Pacific theater's most amazing air-kill score.

HOW YOU PAY FOR STRIKES.**Douglas Hearle** 18
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A RAPE-KILLER IS TERRORIZING NEW YORK.....**Stan Fischler** 28
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THE GI WHO CAPTURED FRAULEIN CITY.....**George Penty** 30
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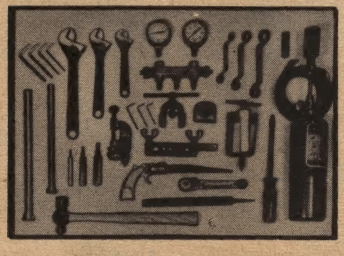

Tools Are Included

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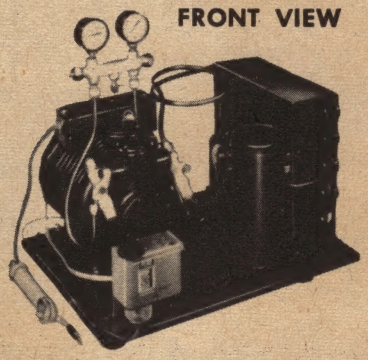
FRONT VIEW



You learn by practicing with operating equipment

Thousands once learned this rewarding craft just by completing home study lessons. But CTI goes a step farther—and an important step it is! CTI also sends you 25 kits of tools and parts. You build these parts into an operating unit. It's a practical method because *you get experience as you train.*

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Soon after enrolling, many CTI students earn money in spare time. Some handle servicing on a monthly fee basis for food stores, restaurants, taverns and office buildings. Many work part time at local dealers. Quite a number of CTI students have a full-time business going by the time they graduate. CTI kit training gives you the practice and experience you need to step from lesson study to actual field work.

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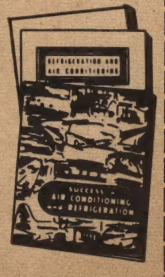

THE LAUGH BOX

There was this hard-hitting guy called Niblick who thought he could make out with every girl he dated. One night he took a lovely blonde for a ride in his red-and-white convertible, and kept trying to make passes, but without any success.

He was surprised and pleased when she suddenly said to him: "Would you like to see the place where I was vaccinated?"

"Sure would," Niblick said anxiously.

"Then stop right at this corner," the blonde said. "It's that tall building the other side of the street."

* * *

The Martian visiting earth for the first time wandered around looking things over. Finally, he sauntered into Casey's Bar, his fishbowl-covered head turning from side to side. The usual crew was drinking at the bar and he paid no attention to them. But at the back he discovered a gumball machine. He looked it over from a distance, then walked up to it and said: "Say, what's a beautiful babe like you doing in a joint like this?"

* * *

The couple being divorced stood before the judge.

"This court," the judge said, "gives the wife in this case the sum of $100 a week."

"Good enough, judge," the husband said. "Tell you what—I'll throw in a couple of bucks myself."

"Never mind about permission to see the children once a month. I would like to see the maid once in awhile."

The doctor was filling out an information card for a little old lady who told him she was a spinster. When he came to the space asking for the number of children, he started to pass it by, but she stopped him.

"Wait, Doctor, I have a 25-year-old son."

"But," he objected, "you told me you were a spinster."

"Well, yes," she said, "But I'm not a fanatic about it.

* * *

The vigilantes found a sturdy tree hanging

over a cliff and decided to carry out the law right there. "Hey, wait a minute," shouted the horse thief. "You ain't gonna hang me over that river, are you."

"Yes, we are," the vigilante leader shouted.

"Then be sure to tie the rope tight around my neck," the thief said. "I can't swim."

* * *

A young woman went to the psychiatrist. "Doctor when I'm in the next room I develop a dreadful fear. I'm so afraid I won't hear it if the baby falls out of the crib. What can I do about this?"

"Easy," said the doctor. "Just take the carpet off the floor."

* * *

Servant: There's a young lady outside without food or clothing.

Master: Feed her and then bring her in.

* * *

Did you hear about the two rabbits who went out into the wood and had a hare-raising experience.

* * *

"You say his breath is bad?"

"Is it bad? Why, last Hallowe'en they pushed him over three times."

* * *

And then there was the All-American tomcat who made forty-nine yards in one night?

"THEY TOLD ME I DIDN'T HAVE WHAT IT TAKES!"

The words hurt. But deep down I knew what the boss was saying was true.

"Sure you're a good man, Frank. You work hard. What we need, though, are men with special training. Job specialists who can come up with the right answers. Nowadays experience isn't enough."

So there was the answer. Why other younger men were moving ahead, earning pay raises, getting the good jobs. Why I was being left behind.

I just didn't have what it takes.

You feel desperate at times like that. Family to support. Job to hold down. No chance for the future.

Then I heard about I.C.S. How I.C.S. had helped others like me get the job training they needed to get ahead. Some even found new careers.

I figured maybe I.C.S. could help me. I clipped out the coupon from an I.C.S. ad and mailed it in. The free career kit I received a few days later convinced me to sign up for a course.

Things began to happen after that. The instruction was practical, down to earth. It seemed what I learned the night before I was able to apply on the job the next morning.

Word got around I was taking an I.C.S. Course. My boss learned of it and three months later I got a raise. Six more months and I got another. Now I'm looking forward to a promotion.

Once in a while I remember the time the boss said I didn't have what it takes. Makes me smile now. But still I thank my lucky stars for I.C.S.

Maybe you will, too.

Clip coupon here—and take your first big step to real success! **I.C.S., Scranton 15, Penna.**

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IT STARTED WITH EVE—At last count, there were about 3,000,000,000 people living on this globe. By the end of the century, barring any catastrophe, that figure should double. And, if you start your count 600,000 years ago—when the first human made his appearance—you would come up with the grand total of 77,000,000,000 who were born and died here.

SCRATCH ONE PLANET—The odds that anyone from earth will ever set foot on Venus are down to zero as a result of the information sent back by the spaceship Mariner II. Zooming to within 21,000 miles of Venus, Mariner discovered the following things that make it impossible for us to land there: 1. Temperatures close to 800 degrees Fahrenheit. 2. A cold, dense cloud cover composed of carbon dioxide. 3. Very little oxygen. 4. The surface of Venus is either rough, sandy or dusty—if it isn't molten.

BACKFIRE IN THE CONGO—One of the first things the missionaries who penetrated the African Congo tried to do was abolish nakedness. When they got this idea across to the natives, there was an angry rebellion at the thought. The natives not only couldn't see the sense to covering their bodies, but were fearful of what effects the coverings would have on them. Finally, the missionaries collected the destitute orphans in the territory and, as part of their caring for them, dressed them in long nightshirts. For months, the natives watched the orphans for signs of terrible reprisals from the gods. When nothing happened, the natives lost their fear and began experimenting with clothing. It didn't take long for clothing to become a status symbol and, in the rush to acquire the brightly colored cloth, women — who were the most moral females in Africa, when they ran around naked—suddenly began to give themselves to any man who could ante up the cherished bolts of material.

THE LOUD BANG OF BIG BERTHA—When it comes to long-range cannons, nothing has ever been built that could match Germany's WW I-developed Big Bertha. Made by the Krupp manufacturers, the giant cannon checked in at 205 tons and boasted a barrel that measured 70'8" long. It was capable of flinging a 300-pound shell 93 miles. While the Big Berthas were used in both World Wars, the one that was most famous did it's dirty work on Good Friday, 1918. Pouring shells into Paris, from a distance of 70 miles, the big gun scored a direct hit on the Church of St. Gervais, taking 88 French lives and wounding an additional 68.

THE 39-YEAR ESCAPE — With a pass key fashioned from a corset spring, James Kelly let himself out of England's Criminal Lunatic Asylum at Broadmoor on Jan. 28, 1888, and disappeared. For the next 39 years the convicted wife-murderer lived it up all over the Continent and the U.S., always a step ahead of the police trying to track him down. Finally, in 1927, when the adventurous life began to grow dull, he turned up at the same door through which he had escaped and asked to be taken back. For a while it looked as if red tape was going to keep him from being re-jailed, but he finally made it—quietly living the last three years of his life as a model prisoner—having set the all-time record for the longest escape.

NEW YORK IS MURDER — When it comes to homicide, New York City checked in with an unenviable record of 508 last year. Broken down, the killings fell into the following categories. May was the worst month: 56. Saturdays were the worst days, 110 deaths, with Fridays checking in with 77 and Sundays with 74. Most homicides, 75, were the result of family brawls. Murderers preferred to commit their deeds indoors, 358, as opposed to 150 who struck on the outside. Ten husbands were killed by wives; 31 wives were killed by husbands; six mothers and four fathers were done in by sons; six mothers and one father met their deaths at the hands of daughters. And, in case you have any ideas, over 90% of all the crimes were solved.

Plays On Radio And TV

"I have performed on television, radio, and before large audiences. I have also written three musicals. I owe my thanks to the U.S. School of Music."

—Leonard Ira Drumheller, Jr., Charlottesville, Virginia

Extra Benefit

"I am writing to tell you how much I enjoyed your course in Piano. I was president of our class last year, secretary this year, and treasurer of other organizations. I do think that my music helped to win the offices."

—Phyllis Drummond, Springfield, Missouri

Friends Were Amazed

"Didn't know a note on piano. In a short time I could play simple hymns. Friends were amazed. I now entertain at parties, play at church."

—Samuel Moses, Mt Vernon, Tenn.

Much Happiness and Pleasure

"Your Course is the beginning of much happiness and pleasure for me and my family."

—Mrs. Eugene Halcyone Ferrell, Big Creek, West Virginia

Easy To Understand

"Your new lessons are easier to understand. I want to be able to play *anything* I like and play it good — and with your help, I know I can do it."

—Mrs. Gordon F. Doine, Pineville, Louisiana

Our Music Students Wrote This Advertisement For You...

to prove that you, too, can play real music the very first time you try!

Learns More From Course Than From Teacher

"I think your course is wonderful. I've learned more in a few months than I did from my teacher in six months. Was asked only a week ago to play in a talent show. I recommend your course to anybody before a private or public teacher."

—Patricia Windham, Laurel, Mississippi

Progresses Rapidly

"How rapidly I am progressing. The lessons are so simple, anyone can understand them — yet so thorough I've already learned to play by note."

Andrew Schneider, Hanna, Wyoming

Easy As Falling Off Log

"Your lessons are interesting and easy as falling off a log. I have always wanted to play and now a lifelong dream is being fulfilled — thanks to you!" *—Mrs. Phyllis B. Jones, Blanding, Utah*

Plays for Friends

"I am thrilled at the beautiful compositions I have learned to play. Yesterday I played at a party. Everyone was pleased, some amazed, and of course I was happy." — *Lydia J. Broady*

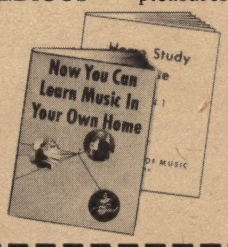
THOUSANDS NOW PLAY — who never thought they could — since they made this amazing discovery about a wonderful way to learn music *at home* . . . without a private teacher . . . without tedious study . . . and in a surprisingly short time. They wrote to the U.S. School of Music for the facts about this remarkable Course. The facts opened their eyes. They were amazed to find how easy it was to learn. Now they want you to know about it too!

Learn in Spare Time at Home Simple, A-B-C Course

Shown on this page are just a few of the more than 1,000,000 men and women of all ages who have taken up music at home this simple A-B-C way . . . who turned to this Course to make their dream of playing music come true. Read in their own words how they found the key to good times and popularity . . . *how you can too!*

No "Special Talent" Needed Costs Only Few Cents a Lesson

Even if you don't know a single note now, you'll "start right in on pieces." NO TEDIOUS PRACTICING OF BORING SCALES AND EXERCISES. Soon you'll be able to play ALL your favorite songs and compositions. You actually learn to play by *note*, so that you can read real sheet music. No "special talent" needed. It's all so clearly explained . . . so EASY to understand — that even children "catch on" at once.



Before you realize it, you will amaze your friends by playing all their requests — popular song hits, waltzes, hymns, hillbilly music, classical favorites, etc. You learn in the spare time of your own choosing — free from the rigid schedule imposed by a teacher. And the cost is only a few cents a lesson, including all sheet music. Your whole family can learn for the price of one.

Stop Cheating Yourself of These Joys

Why not let this U.S. School of Music Course bring the many pleasures of music into YOUR life? Popularity! New friends! Gay parties. Good times. More self-confidence and poise. Extra money from playing or teaching. Possibly even a brilliant musical career. Best of all, the deep *personal satisfaction* of being able to create your own music — provide your own entertainment!

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Let us show you how easy it is to bring the pleasures of music into *your* life. We will send you — ABSOLUTELY FREE — our 36-page book showing why our Courses have been so successful since 1898 . . . PLUS the first lesson for the instrument you want to play. No obligation at all. So mail coupon *today*. **U.S. School of Music, Studio A98, Port Washington, L.I., N.Y.** (Licensed by New York State Education Department.)

Check the instrument you would like to play and receive your first lesson free (check only one):

- ☐ Piano
- ☐ Guitar
- ☐ Steel Guitar
- ☐ Violin
- ☐ Piano Accordion
- ☐ Saxophone
- ☐ Trumpet, Cornet
- ☐ Pipe, Electronic, Reed Organ
- ☐ Tenor Banjo
- ☐ Ukulele
- ☐ Clarinet
- ☐ Trombone
- ☐ Mandolin

Do you have instrument? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Instruments, if needed, supplied to our students at reduced prices.

U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
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I am interested in learning to play the instrument checked at left. Please send me, FREE, your 36-page illustrated book, "Now You Can Learn Music in Your Own Home" . . . PLUS the first lesson for my instrument, to prove to me how easily I may now learn to play it. I am under NO OBLIGATION, and NO SALESMAN IS TO CALL.

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(Please Print Carefully)

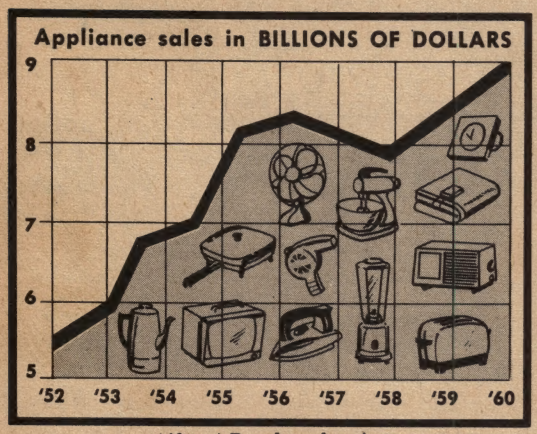
Address .....

City ..... Zone .... State .....

NOTE: ☐ If under 16 years of age, check here for booklet "A."

Record-Shattering Boom in Electrical Appliances Opens Up Exciting Profit Chances for Men Who Can Repair Them

OVER FOUR HUNDRED MILLION electrical appliances are in use right now in American homes—and are increasing at the rate of 76 MILLION a year! No wonder that men who know how to service them properly are making $3 to $5 an hour—in spare time or full time. FREE BOOK tells how you can quickly and easily get into this profitable field.



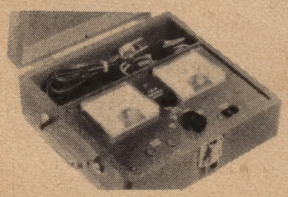
(Above) Based on chart in Electrical Merchandising Week Magazine.

Just look at how dependent American homes have become on electric appliances!

Here are some of today's common appliances, and the number of U.S. homes containing each.

Air Conditioners (Room)	6,500,000
Bed Coverings	10,800,000
Clocks	40,268,000
Coffee Makers (automatic)	27,000,000
Freezers	11,200,000
Frypan Skillets	20,600,000
Heaters, Portable (Elec.)	14,415,000
Heating Pads	19,925,000
Hotplates	12,105,000
Irons (Standard)	44,850,000
Steam Irons	28,200,000
Mixers	27,000,000
Ranges	17,200,000
Refrigerators	49,605,000
Sandwich-Waffle Comb.	17,615,000
Shavers	34,500,000
Toasters	40,195,000
Vacuum Cleaners	36,700,000
Washers	47,100,000

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN



with this

APPLIANCE TESTER

—Yours at No Extra Charge

Course includes all parts to assemble a portable, sturdy Appliance Tester. Use it to locate faulty cords, short circuits, poor connections, etc. in a jiffy; find defects in house wiring; measure electricity used by appliances; many other uses. Helps you earn while you learn.

THE "ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE BOOM" is in full swing. For example, annual sales of coffee makers have zoomed in the last decade from 900,000 to 4,750,000. Room air conditioners have gone from 200,000 a year to 1,800,000 a year. In just the last five years Americans have bought 26 million electric fans, 9 million electric heaters, 5 million deep-fat fryers!

The coming of the auto created a multi-million dollar service industry, the auto repair business. Now the same thing is happening in the electrical appliance field. But with this important difference: anybody with a few simple tools can get started in appliance repair work. No big investment or expensive equipment is needed.

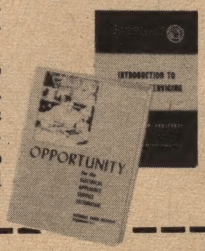
We Tell You Everything You Need to Know

If you'd like to get started in this fascinating, profitable, rapidly growing field—let NRI give you the home training you need in Servicing Electrical Appliances. Here's your chance to build up "a little business of your own" without big investment — open up an appliance repair shop, become independent. Or keep your present job, turn your spare time into extra cash.

You can handle this work anywhere — in a corner of your basement or garage, even on your kitchen table. And you can earn $3 to $5 an hour — get back the cost of the course before you finish it. No technical experience, or higher education necessary. We tell you and show you everything you need to know, in plain English and clear pictures. And the training costs you less than 20¢ a day!

FREE BOOK *and Sample Lesson*

Our 24-page Free Book tells about America's "Electrical Appliance Boom" — how we train you to "cash in" on it. Free Sample Lesson shows how simple and clearly illustrated our instruction is — how it can quickly prepare you for a profitable future. Mail coupon, letter, or postcard to: *National Radio Institute, Dept. G1H3, Washington 16, D.C.* (No obligation — and no salesman will call on you.)



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Please send me Free Book about your Electrical Appliance Repair Course and a free Sample Lesson. I am particularly interested in:

☐ Spare Time Earnings ☐ Business of My Own ☐ Better Job

I understand there is no obligation on my part; and no salesman will call.

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Accredited Member National Home Study Council

LAST MINUTE MEMO FOR MEN

MEMO: WOMEN

The facts of married life being what they are, if you've been at it FOR 7 YEARS OR MORE, you've probably had to dish up at least one of the following TRICKS to keep your lady happy in the bedroom. If you haven't, give them a think. Our best headshrinkers say ANYTHING is healthy, in MODERATION, so long as it makes you happy. (1) Talk ROUGH. Dredge up all the dockwalloper words you know. Many women say it makes them feel something like a PROSTITUTE, and they like this; (2) Tell her it's ALL RIGHT to think of SOMEONE ELSE while MAKING LOVE if she won't get too gunked up with guilt; (3) Invite OTHER COUPLES in for a big NECKING BRAWL. To many

women, EXHIBITIONISM is also a source of some dark thrill. Only thing is, if you don't have a FIRM HAND, the whole thing may become just one BIG WIFE-SWAP . . .

Most GERMAN starlets know how to open car doors with FORKS, and make phone calls WITHOUT COINS by fingertapping the box in the right place . . .

Girls who consistently MISSPELL their first names are expressing a DEEP-ROOTED HUNGER to become something like psychiatrists . . .

Some 4 NYC CALLGIRLS IN 5 report that, at least once, they've encountered Johns who insist on wearing a DOG COLLAR AND LEASH TO BED . . .

You can't DIVORCE your little woman in N.Y. State just because she QUITS her job after marriage, EVEN THOUGH SHE PROMISED SHE WOULDN'T . . .

MEMO: GI

No one likes to own up, but it's now SOP for our 11,000 VIETNAM ADVISORS to open every "advice session" with guns popping, if it INVOLVES CONTACT with the rice-paddy Reds, EVEN BEFORE THE ENEMY FIRES A SHOT. This is DIRECT DISOBEDIENCE to JFK's no-shoot-till-shot-at edict. But it's the only way THEY CAN SURVIVE to advise their VIETNAM students on storming Red positions another day. This is TWICE AS TRUE for the pilots who DO THE ADVANCE ADVISING for troop transport helicopters. They use our new machine-gun-and-rocket-armed Bell HU-1a, world's FIRST OFFENSIVE CHOPPER. Example: In one 8-day rice paddy brawl, our pilot ADVISORS minced up 61 Vietcong Reds. As is now apparent, "ADVICE SESSION" is euphemism for COMBAT MISSION. Rottenest part of the apple: Out Viet boys are LEGIT COMBATANTS, entitled to gentlemanly POW treatment. ADVISORS are just buttinskies, considered little better than MERCENARIES OR GUERRILLAS, and don't rate a damned thing but a bullet, under most people's RULES OF WAR . . .

In A Chau Valley, where we have another contingent of advisors, Red groundfire is so effective, our chopper boys call it "SHOTGUN ALLEY." A sergeant who INSISTS ON A CASE OF BEER there each week, says: "Everyone outside the front barbed-wire gates MUST be considered an enemy . . ."

Vietnam Awards Roster: to date: 818 Air Medals, 47 Distinguished Flying Crosses. This last is THE BIG ONE for fliers . . .

Stickiest NON-COMBAT Vietnam mess is boiling over the ARDENT public farewells of ROTATING GIs and their HALF-NUDE Viet babies. Viets don't seem to mind, but our BRASS finds the KISSING AND WRITHING that goes on "DISGUSTING . . ."

(Continued on page 36)

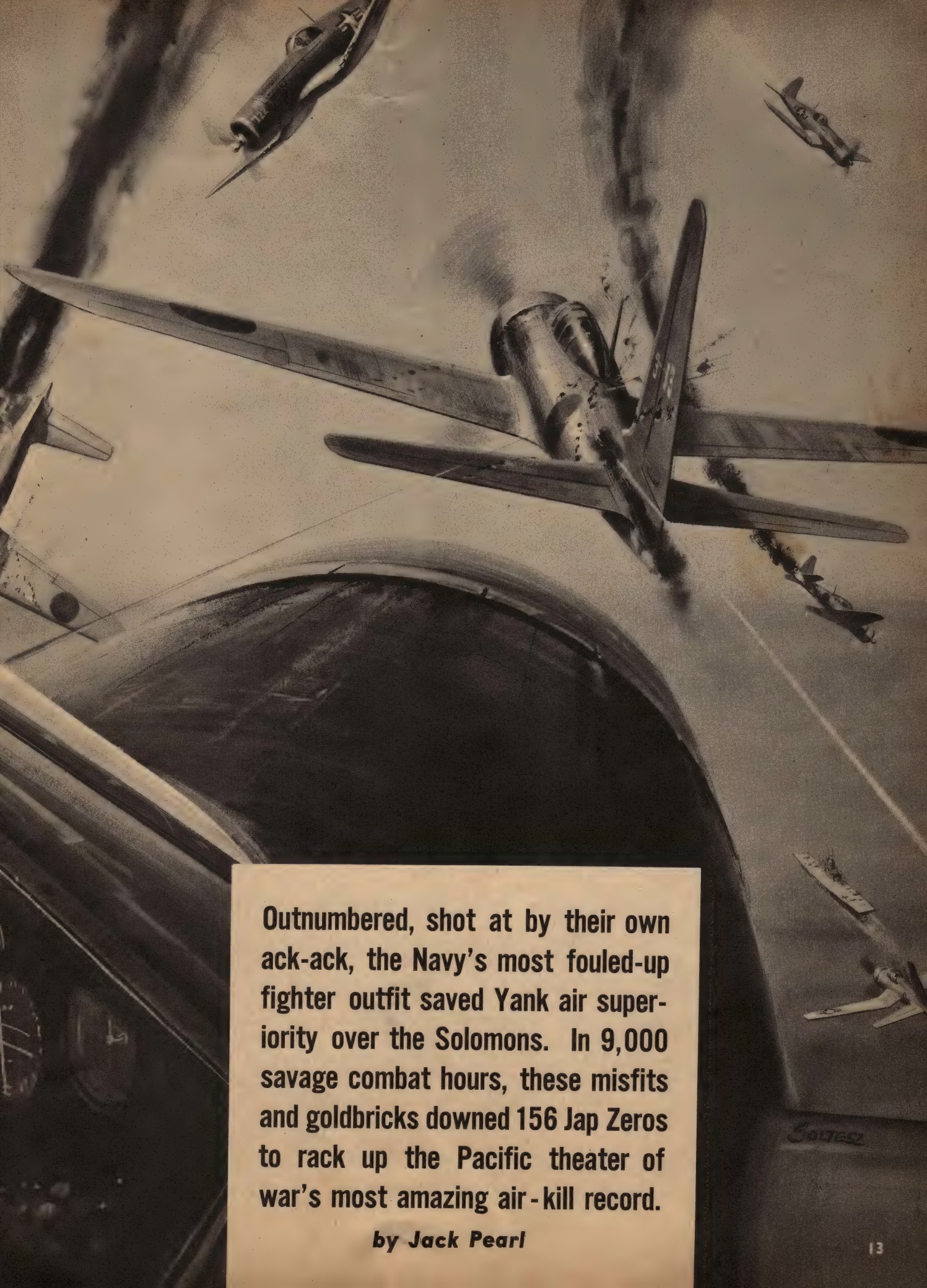
WWII's INCREDIBLE "BASTARD" SQUADRON THAT RUINED THE JAP AIR FORCE

"God help you!" said the admiral. "I don't know what you did to deserve such a fate, Commander, but there it is. A dozen of the biggest foul-ups in the United States Navy, and they're all yours. If this wasn't the toughest war the U.S. has ever been in, and if it wasn't for the shortage of combat pilots, every one of them would be cooling his tail in the brig."

Lieutenant Commander Thomas Blackburn fingered the dossiers spread out on his desk. "This isn't exactly what I had in mind when I got out of Annapolis and enrolled in flight school." He sighed. "I was looking forward to the day when I'd get my first squadron command, but now . . ." He left the thought unfinished.

PLEASE TURN NEXT PAGE

Commander Blackburn banked his Corsair behind the Jap plane, his wing guns spraying lead into the Zero.
Art by Frank Soltesz



Outnumbered, shot at by their own ack-ack, the Navy's most fouled-up fighter outfit saved Yank air superiority over the Solomons. In 9,000 savage combat hours, these misfits and goldbricks downed 156 Jap Zeros to rack up the Pacific theater of war's most amazing air-kill record.

by Jack Pearl

Its tail belching out flames, a Jap torpedo bomber goes down during furious air battle over Bougainville Island.

"Bastard" Squadron

It was one hell of a way to start the New Year. World War II was one year and 24 days old. During most of that time the United States and its Allies had taken a tremendous beating in the Pacific. MacArthur had finally stopped the Japanese on the doorstep of Australia, and was advancing on New Guinea. The United States Marines, battling desperately with their backs to the sea on Guadalcanal, had come off the floor to k.o. the Nips, and now the Navy was pushing forward along the Solomon chain.

Sure we need fighter pilots, Tom Blackburn thought, but do we need them this badly?

Bouncing along in the Navy jeep that was taking him to the Norfolk air field where he would assume his new command, Commander Blackburn reflected on the violations noted in the records of the mavericks who would soon be his responsibility. Insubordination. Drunkeness. Brawling. Buzzing a flock of pretty girls eating lunch in the park. Stopping Norfolk traffic at noon with a dogfight over the heart of the business district. Shattering windows in the residential area with high-speed power dives. The list was endless, and Tom Blackburn was not looking forward to his introduction to Fighter Squadron VF-17.

That introduction came sooner than he expected, as the jeep driver suddenly let out an ear-twanging yell. "What the hell!"

In front of them, where the concrete highway narrowed to a thin ribbon, there was an airplane hurtling toward them, its belly just feet above the white center line.

Blackburn's jaw dropped as he stared at the oncoming Navy F4U Corsair fighter. It was on them in seconds, lifting just in time to avert a head-on collision. The driver yelped and swung the steering wheel impulsively, wrenching the jeep onto the soft shoulder of the road. The prop wash of the air from the receding Corsair sent Blackburn's cap scaling into a patch of brush.

The driver turned around and shouted, "Those s.o.b.s are turning this base into a three ring circus!"

Blackburn nodded glumly No need to inquire who those s.o.b.s were!

As soon as he got to the base, Commander Blackburn wasted no time in tracking down the pilot who had buzzed the jeep. Within the hour, the culprit appeared at his new office—a big, lanky, good-looking boy with a slight smirk on his face. Blackburn knew the type. To the young pilot this was routine stuff, being called on the carpet. Rank didn't impress him one bit.

"Ensign Harold M. Burriss, sir," he introduced himself. "You wanted to see me, *sir*." The way he mouthed

the title, it sounded more insulting than respectful.

"You were flying the F-4U that buzzed a jeep on the highway a little while ago?" the commander asked calmly.

"Yes, sir." The answer was prompt. "Just polishing up on my strafing technique. Very valuable."

"That is debatable, Burriss. Did it ever occur to you how the people in the vehicles feel when they see an airplane bearing down at them at 400 miles an hour?"

Burriss grinned. "Must be quite a thrill for them."

Blackburn tried to look ferocious. "Thrill! It scares hell out of them. That kind of thing can bring on heart attacks, miscarriages, not to mention traffic fatalities. Ensign Burriss, I speak from experience! I was riding in that jeep!"

The smile died on the ensign's lips. "Oh." The head dropped, in a resigned hangdog manner that said, *I really goofed that time. Okay, here it comes. Throw the book at me.*

Blackburn's mind raced. The offense called for severe punishment. But what kind? Confinement to quarters? Loss of privileges? He studied the restless young man standing before him, shifting from one foot to the other—not in anxiety, but from sheer bursting energy. Put him under restraint, and next time he would really cut loose! the commander had an impulse to get up, put on his cap and walk right out of this job. Then the inspiration came to him. Why not let Burriss work off his punishment where his exuberance could do the least harm?

"Ensign Burriss," he said, "for the next two weeks you are to put in two *(Continued on page 70)*

Lt. Cmdr. Blackburn trained his "Untouchables" at gruelling hours of gunnery practice.

American gun camera records Jap Zero going up in smoke after catching direct hit by Blackburn's aces.

NAKED WENCH

Lt. Wheeler raised his arm frantically, barely missing the deadly acid hurled by the monster-woman.

SPECIAL Book Bonus

She was a wanton witch who ran a weird cult of sensation seeking sinners. What homicide Lieut. Al Wheeler had to find out was whether she was a killer or a kook.

by Carter Brown

Sergeant Polnik nodded his approval as I swung the Austin Healey into a pleasant, tree-lined street. "After a couple of homicides we worked on last year, Lieutenant," Polnik said happily, "I figure if you got to go look at a cadaver this is the best way—in broad daylight, huh?"

He glanced idly at the eight-foot-high red brick wall that now ran alongside the car as we stopped in the driveway a couple of feet back from the heavy iron gates. A guy in a black uniform and peaked cap came toward us.

"I'm Lieutenant Wheeler, from the sheriff's office," I told him when he reached the car.

"Doctor Maybury's waiting for you, Lieutenant," the guard said briskly.

The gates swung open and I parked the car outside the sprawling two-story sanitarium a few seconds later. Inside was the faintly repugnant aseptic smell of all hospitals, and a rosewood desk with an angular nurse sitting behind it.

"Lieutenant Wheeler," she said briskly, "Doctor is waiting in his office."

Polnik looked at her uneasily, then grunted, "You sure you don't got any nuts running loose here?" *(Continued on page 38)*

Art by Al Rossi

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There's a good reason why the public gets the short end of the stick when labor and management square off for a knock-down, drag-out donnybrook.

by Douglas G. Hearle

The sprawling metropolis of New York City is as good a place to start as any. Let's go back to the first day of 1963—New Year's Day. Let's take a good look at the town. The dawn has just broken and the temperature is down around ten degrees. Traffic is almost non-existent, but a few left-over celebrants of the big night before are making their hazy way home along FDR Drive and the Miller Highway. The city, for the most part, is asleep.

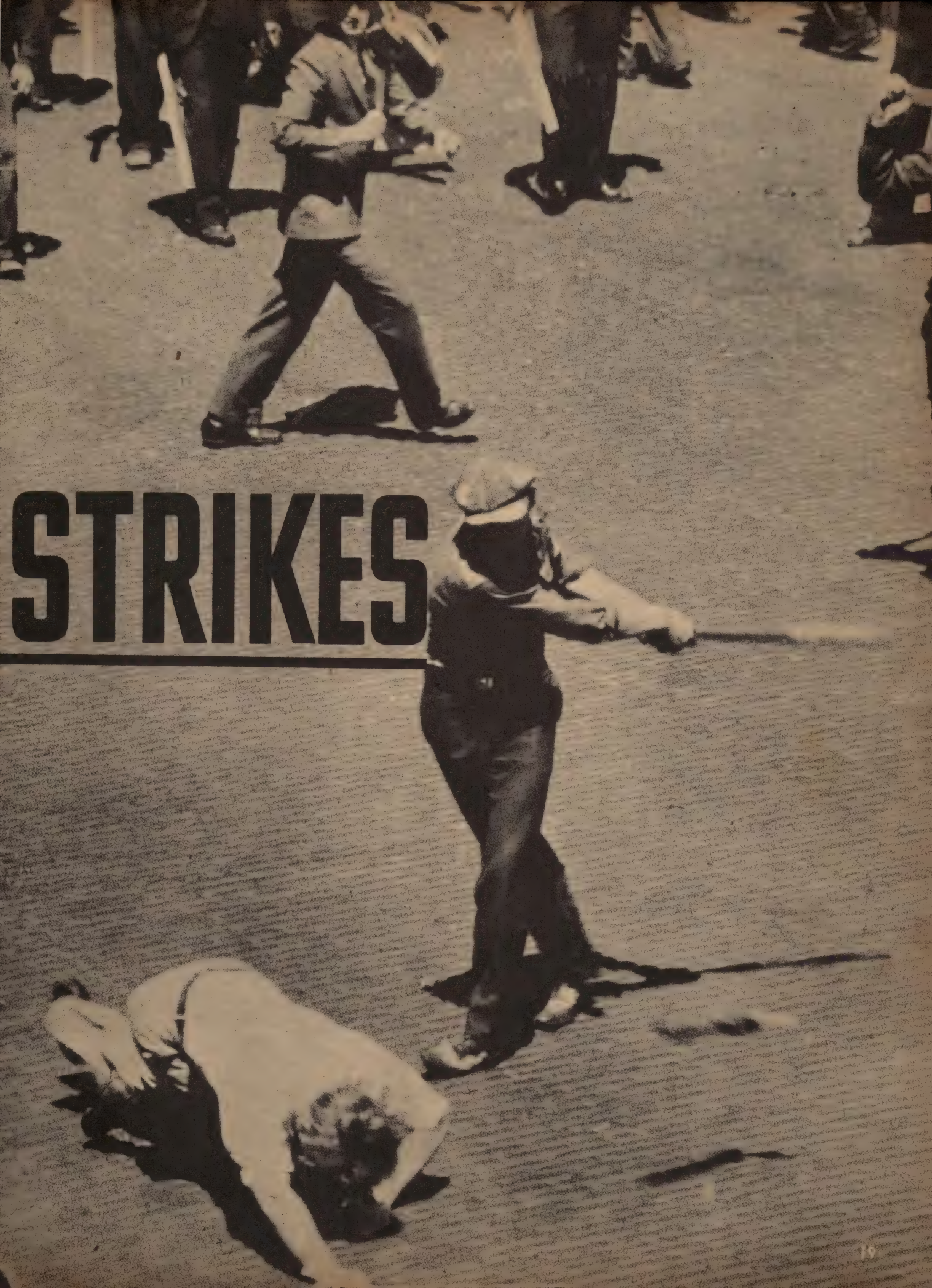
A group of twelve men stand huddled around a flaming fifty-gallon oil drum on East 45th Street. Mute and cold behind them is the red brick building that ordinarily muffles the roaring presses of the New York Mirror from the ears of passers-by. But the building is empty—the presses silent and still.

The scene is the same three blocks away at the Daily News. And across town at the Times and the Herald Tribune. And further downtown at the Post, the World-Telegram and Sun, and the Journal-American. A newspaper strike has hit New York.

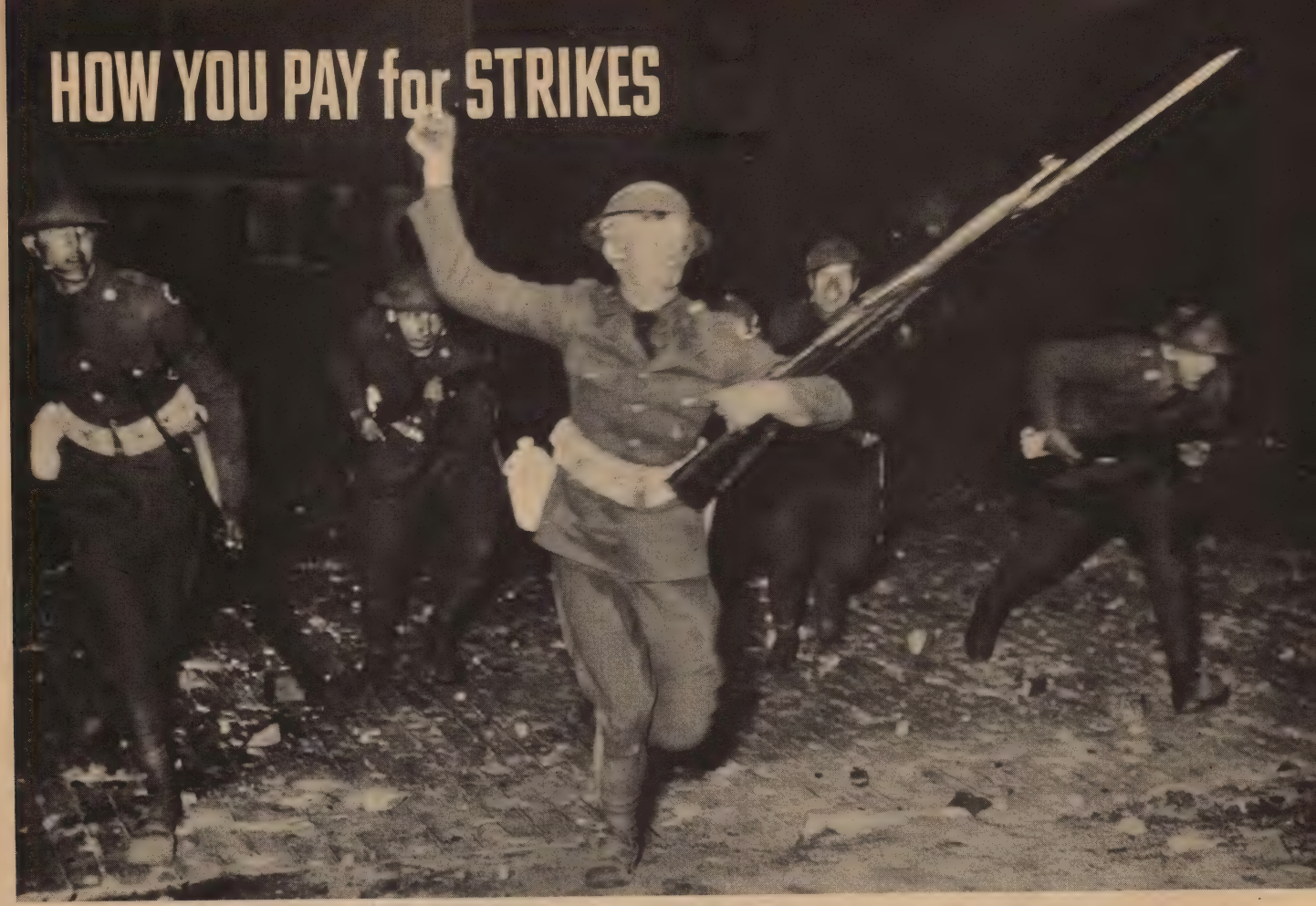
Other pickets are walking in New York. Along the

HOW YOU PAY for

Workers striking the Republic Steel Corp. in the 30's we re subjected to savage clubbing and tear-gassing by police.


STRIKES

HOW YOU PAY for STRIKES



Bayonet-wielding militia stormed the Fisher Body Plant at Flint, Mich., in bloody and costly '37 sit-down strike.

The violence accompanying many Depression strikes, like this pitched battle in Chicago, seldom occurs in the 60's.

wind-swept Hudson River crusty longshoremen, hands thrust deep into their pockets as a feeble defense against the biting cold, walk in silence with the picket signs strapped to their torsos.

Shipping is dead. Newspapers are dead. New York is well on its way to a slow death if these strikes aren't stopped.

That was the picture on New Year's Day. We know that the strikes finally did stop and the life of the city—the economic dollars-and-cents life—started again. But the signs were there. This time it took months to settle the newspaper blackout, weeks to settle the dock strike. Where do we go from here? What about the next time, or the time after that?

It wasn't just the Big Town. It was Cleveland, too, and Boston and New Orleans and Philadelphia and Galveston. In one way or another every city in the nation felt the impact of those stoppages. In one way or another every person feels the impact of those strikes, and all other strikes like them.

Now let's go further back. Let's go back to Pittsburgh in another year, or San Francisco in another, or Chicago in another, or Detroit or Flint.

Let's take a look at Flint, Michigan, in 1937.

Untold abuses against labor existed that year and all the years preceding it. In the auto industry of Flint, the seasonal layoffs had dropped the income of most auto workers to less than $1,000 for the year. The cost of living was nearly twice that. The automobile industry had been wary of union activities within the ranks of its workers for some years, and had instituted an intricate espionage system to block any real union progress. Big business didn't want to bargain collectively with employees. Finally a number of small unions, powerless individually, merged into what was called the United Automobile Workers of America. The member unions had belonged to the staid old American Federation of Labor but had gotten nowhere. Now a new parent group had splintered from the A. F. of L. and a strong voice was poetically leading to battle the new Congress of Industrial Organizations. The voice belonged to a rotund and hairy little man with the face of a Pekingese and the tenacity of a bulldog. His name was John L. Lewis.

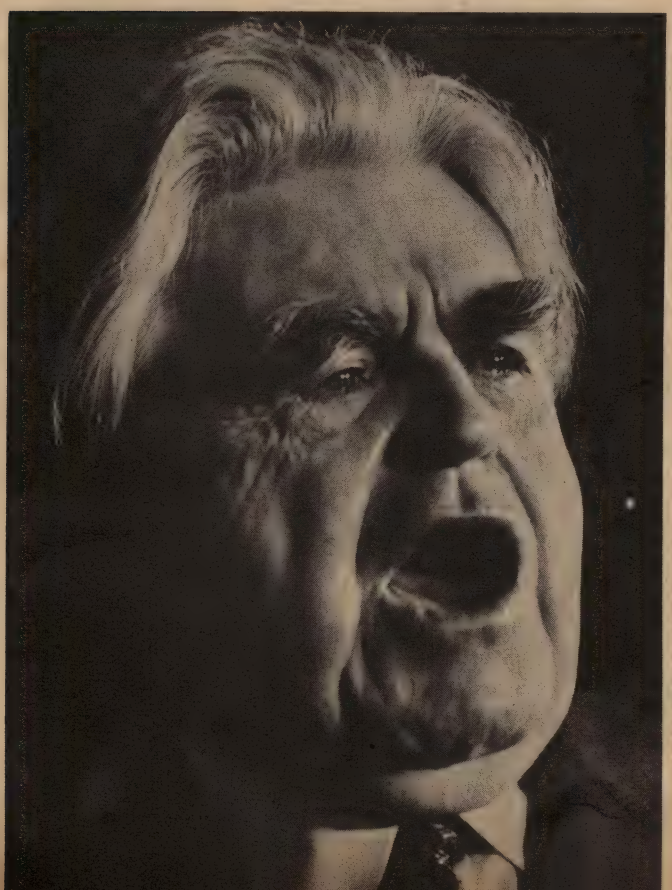
The auto workers chose to join Lewis' CIO and elected for their own leader a young, bespectacled former Baptist minister named Homer Martin. Martin didn't look the part of a labor leader but he knew how to talk to the men, and he turned the union meetings into something like old-fashioned revival meetings. The UAW membership grew by leaps and bounds. Finally their membership reached 30,000, and they demanded recognition for their union by the "Big Three": General Motors, Chrysler and Ford. They got nothing. The showdown had arrived.

The strike started in Flint, in the Fisher body plant number two. Rapidly it spread to Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland and other parts of the country. General Motors production alone, within scant hours, dropped to a standstill as 112,000 of its 150,000 workers joined the strike.

It wasn't an ordinary strike. Instead of walking out, the men remained at the plant but refused to work. Martin had decided that a sit-in strike would be far more effective because the only way this strike could be broken would be by violence on the part of the employers.

General Motors called it an invasion of property rights and called for police ejection of the idle workers.

"Property rights?" countered Martin. "What more sacred property right is there in the world today than the right of a man to his job? *(Continued on page 49)*



John L. Lewis (left) of the United Mine Workers and Walter Reuther, Auto Worker chief, were dynamic, forceful CIO leaders in New Deal era.

Capt. "Bailout's" Suicide Mission

"NEUTRALIZE the BRIDGE

AT REMAGEN"

The OSS man pulled the rip-cord and dropped down into the heart of the Nazi Reich. His assignment: Crack the Wehrmacht's Military Code, and slice Germany in half.

by Leon Lazarus

On the night of January 29, 1945, in a small hotel room in Coblenz, Germany, an attractive, bosomy blonde sat at the edge of the rumpled bed, her slip already off, when the sound of footsteps approached along the outer corridor. Quickly, the girl glanced toward the American who stood alongside the open bathroom door.

"Die Polizei!" she whispered hoarsely.

The American, undercover officer Captain Gus Warner, U.S.A., grabbed his jacket off the nearby chair.

"Tell them you're not dressed," he whispered back in fluent German. "Stall them as long as possible."

Stepping inside the bathroom, Warner shut the door, snapped the lock. Taking a small, black memo book from his jacket pocket, Warner had just unbuckled his pants' belt when he heard the sharp knock on the outer door, the brisk order to open up.

While the girl stalled for time, Warner worked swiftly. Tearing off two strips of adhesive tape from the roll inside his shaving kit, Warner dropped his pants, then firmly affixed the small book, by means of the tape, along the inner side of his right thigh. As he rebuckled his belt, he heard the outer door open. Voices followed. Seconds later there was a rap on the bathroom door and he was ordered to come out.

"Coming," Warner replied.

He paused a moment, wiped the perspiration from his forehead with the back of his hand. Taking a deep breath, he unsnapped the lock, threw the door open.

Waiting were two uniformed, local policemen and the hotel desk clerk. The clerk, a frightened little man in his mid-fifties, stood just inside the *(Continued on page 64)*

As the shots died way, Gus started grabbing the code book from the fallen fighter's hand. Then he and Lise ran to flee.

Art by Walter Popp

why americans fear their wives

by Glenn Infield

Put a uniform on the average American guy, and he's got a good chance of turning into a hero. But put a wedding ring on him, and he's got an even better chance of turning into a jellyfish.

That sounds like a wisecrack: not much truth to it, but good for a chuckle. The chuckle dies down, though, when you hear some sharp observations—like this one from a bartender, who says, "Come five o'clock, the bar fills up. Mostly it's guys on their way home from work. It's not the drink they really want—they're stalling. An hour in the bar's an hour less they have to spend with their wives."

Next, a wife: "I know I act like a bitch sometimes. And Henry always takes it. That's part of the trouble, I think. The more he lets me get away with things, the bitchier I become. It's a vicious circle."

And a prostitute: "Mostly I get the married men. At first they try to make me think they're so tough. Then they get to talking and it's like every last one of them lets his wife push him around. Me, I'm no dope. I let them think *I* think they're great big he-men."

Referring to the contemporary American family, Dr. Nathan W. Ackerman, a well-known psychiatrist, teacher and author, described a typical father who "may or may not be outwardly aggressive, but feels secretly weak, inferior, frightened, continuously in dread of defeat in the competitive warfare in the wider community, yielding and placatory to his wife at home." This is the stereotype of the "passive male" in today's world.

What it all boils down to is that the gag about the jellyfish is no gag at all. The all-too-popular situation comedies on TV—the kind that picture the old man as some kind of well-meaning jerk fumbling his way through life, henpecked by his wife, conned by his kids—seem to be grounded in reality. So are some of the favorite comic strips like Maggie and Jiggs, Dagwood and Blondie.

What's happened to the American male? Why is he allowing his masculinity to be drowned by a wave of womanization? How has he come to lose so much masculine strength that he's actually afraid of his own wife?

There is no single, simple answer to the riddle of what makes Casper Milquetoast run. For that matter, there is no easy way of describing him. He comes in all shapes, sizes, age groups, occupations—and he shows his fear in many different ways. Take Eddie S., who's 23 and an auto mechanic: he does his job well, brings home his paycheck every week—but retires to the far corner and lets his wife take over the family leadership.

Then there's another type, Bill W. An office worker in his middle thirties, Bill is the victim of a special form of brainwashing: "peace at any price." Married to an aggressive girl, he rarely opposes or contradicts her. In fact, he barely listens any more, because his stock answer to everything she says is usually, "Yes, dear," or "You're right, dear," or "Anything you say, dear." Bill joins his wife in a tacit prejudice against his own maleness.

Steve B., a middle-aged executive, follows a different pattern. He's not afraid to speak up at home. He honestly considers himself the head of the household. If anybody accused him of being afraid of his wife, he'd snort at the idea. There's just one thing wrong: Steve never manages to get through an evening at home without guzzling himself into a kind of stupor in which everything on the outside is hazy and everything on the inside is deadened.

Riley L., only 25, shows his timidity in the most obvious, *(Continued on page 54)*

"Nothing ruins a man's sexual drive and emotional life like a wife who takes charge from the bank to the bedroom," says a noted psychiatrist. Here are reasons why, and a startling six point program geared to put him back in the driver's seat.

Cradling the grenades in his left arm and tripping the pins with the rag-cord, Jobrack rushed the enemy

Art by Bob Schulz

SHOWDOWN FOR PVT. JOBRACK

by Louis Sabin

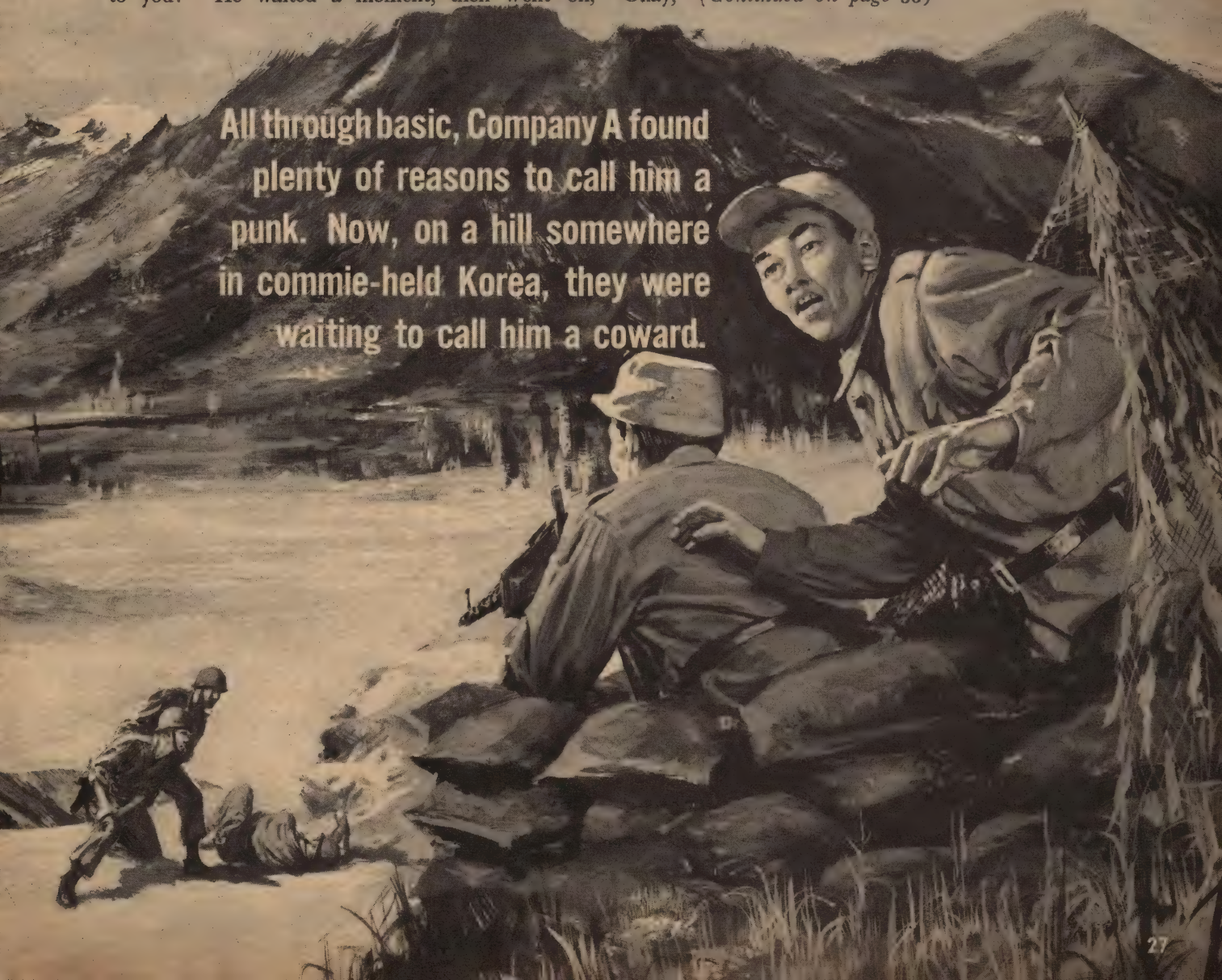
PFC Mike Farraday squinted down at the blanket stretched flat in front of the foot locker. He pressed forward on one knee and rattled the dice in his fists, chanting "Come on, cubes. Eighter from Decatur."

There was an impatient snort from one of the men in the tight circle around him. Mike shook the dice once more and let go. "Dammit!" he said. "Crapped out."

The tall, lean-faced man stood and crossed the aisle to his bunk, where he sat heavily on the edge of the tight blanket. Looking at the young private sitting opposite him, Mike sighed. "It's a good thing the allotment goes home. If the family had to live on my luck, they'd starve."

The blond-haired soldier didn't answer. He kept his eyes on a brass belt buckle and continued to polish it with a worn blitz-cloth.

Leaning forward, Mike said, "You got a bitch, kid? Something the guys did to you?" He waited a moment, then went on, "Okay, *(Continued on page 58)*


All through basic, Company A found plenty of reasons to call him a punk. Now, on a hill somewhere in commie-held Korea, they were waiting to call him a coward.

Wielding butcher knives and lead pipes, he stalked his victims day and night to gratify his unnatural lust. And even with a hundred cops on his trail, no one in the city was safe from the Manhattan Monster.

a RAPE-KILLER is

TERRORIZING N.Y.

by Stan Fischler

The eerie, blue mercury vapor lamps were bouncing their cool rays off rain-slicked Second Avenue on the night of April 16th. Several cabs sped along the avenue past 55th Street as a dark-haired man stepped off the sidewalk.

"Hey, taxee," he yelled.

A cab, driven by Alexander Jablonka, swerved to the curb, its brakes screeching. The man jumped in the cab, slammed the door with a solid thunk and the cab hummed off. Jablonka half-turned with a cabby's "where-to?" look, one hand on the meter flag.

"Downtown," said the man, "Twenty-second Street."

The lights were staggered on Second Avenue so Jablonka kept his cab at 20 miles an hour and hit all green lights until he cut left on 22nd Street and softly hit the brake. The meter read 70 cents. In a reflex action, Jablonka started to make change for a dollar when he suddenly felt a cold, needle-like pain in his right shoulder.

He wheeled around screaming, "What are you doing?"

As cold as ice, the man jammed his knife in the cabby's abdomen, pulled it out and drove it in again. With all of his remaining strength, Jablonka squeezed his attacker's wrist until the man finally dropped the long butcher knife and fled.

Minutes later, Jablonka was found. He was still alive and, ironically, lying in the cab just a few feet from the East 22nd Street police station. He blurted out his story to police and collapsed, at two o'clock in the morning. The father of two boys and a deeply religious man with no enemies, Alexander Jablonka was dead.

Police examined the butcher knife. Chemical tests revealed the blood type that matched Jablonka's. Next, the fingerprint men put it to an X-ray. Results were negative. Nothing remained in the clue department.

Nothing, that is, but the knowledge that on April 8th a similarly unprovoked attack had been perpetrated against an innocent New Yorker, this one a slim, attractive girl. . .

Marion Brown was returning to her home in the East Sixties. It was 3:30 A.M. and she knew it was a dangerous hour and quick-stepped to her apartment house. She was carrying a paperback book in one hand and fingered her two house keys in the other. Nervously, she pushed one key into the lock, twisted open the door—and gasped. A bushy-haired man with a heavy beard and knitted brows stood in the foyer. "What do you want?" she blurted.

He looked at her. "What are you readin' there?" he said.

She forced the words. "It's, it's . . . *A Kiss Before Dying.*"

He stepped forward. "Hmmm. That's a perfect title." He placed a hand on her dark blue skirt. "A kiss is just what I want."

At first Marion stood glued to the spot. Then, when she finally opened her mouth to cry for help, the man pasted his hand over it, muffling the sound. She fought back but he was too strong, punching her in the stomach with a series of rapid blows until she crumpled to the floor. His pulse was throbbing with the feel of a bass drum as he moved over the limp girl.

A few minutes later Marion opened her eyes. It was like a nightmare. Standing above her was the man, twitching a thin, gleaming knife. "Please," she begged. "Please, don't."

Mrs. Gesla Vogt heard the wails of desperation. She didn't know where they came from but, curious, slipped out of bed and into the hallway. There was another scream, this one shorter and cut off abruptly. Another neighbor, John V. Kessler, opened his door and ran out. As he reached the front hall a shadowy figure disappeared out of the front door.

"It sounded like a girl's scream," Mrs. Vogt said.

Kessler grunted acknowledgment and the two peered into the dimly lit hallway. They looked into the alcove behind the staircase and recoiled from the shock of seeing Marion's writhing body and bloodied face.

"It's Mrs. Brown's daughter, Marion," Kessler gasped.

The comely 17-year-old blond daughter of the sixth-floor tenant was hardly recognizable. Her slip and skirt had been pulled up to her armpits and her panties had been flung across the hall. The key lay next to her hand, alongside the mystery novel that grimly foretold her fate.

Trembling with fear and sickness, Mrs. Vogt managed to urge Kessler to summon police. Soon the hallway was filled with neighbors. Some ran into the semi-black street, desperately seeking the attacker. It was too late.

Marion was placed in an *(Continued on Page 62)*

Charged with 5 murders, John F. Roche was taken to Sing Sing, to be executed in the electric chair.

THE GI WHO CAPTURED FRAULEIN CITY

by George Penty

The three unshaven, battle-weary GIs trudged down the main street of the German town. From the second story shutters they could see an occasional face looking down on them. A cluster of elderly men near an old stone fountain stared at them curiously. As they walked along, a white sheet suddenly dropped from a window in token of surrender.

Disher, a lanky redheaded private from New Jersey, spoke first. "You wouldn't think there was a war at all to look at this town. The place looks like it's been asleep for a hundred years."

"Yeah," said Tony Roma, stubble-beared, stocky Pfc. and leader of the group. "Our guys haven't even had to fire a shot to take this place."

"A good thing, too," said Matthews, the third man, cradling his rifle as he lit a cigarette. "I'm for a hot bath. In a real tub. And a night's sleep in a real bed."

They followed a bend in the street. Now from doorways people began to come out into the streets. They looked at the GIs with almost amazed expressions as the soldiers continued to trudge on.

"That old duffer there," said Roma, pointing to one white-haired German, "looks like he never saw an American soldier before."

By now the streets were filling with more townspeople. Mainly women and young girls, occasionally old men and young children. Here and there one of the girls would wave at the GIs. Disher waved back at one flaxen-haired farmgirl in a bright-colored dress.

"Maybe after that bath and sleep," he grinned, "I'll come back and give Blondie more than a wave."

"Yeah, yeah," Roma said. "But first we got to find out which one of our detachments is set up here."

The Americans reached the town square. By now it was almost filled. One young woman ran over to Roma, handed him a bottle of wine and a large sausage.

"Thanks," he said, raising the bottle in salute, playfully patting her on her well-rounded bottom.

"Welcome, Americans," she said in a slow, school book English.

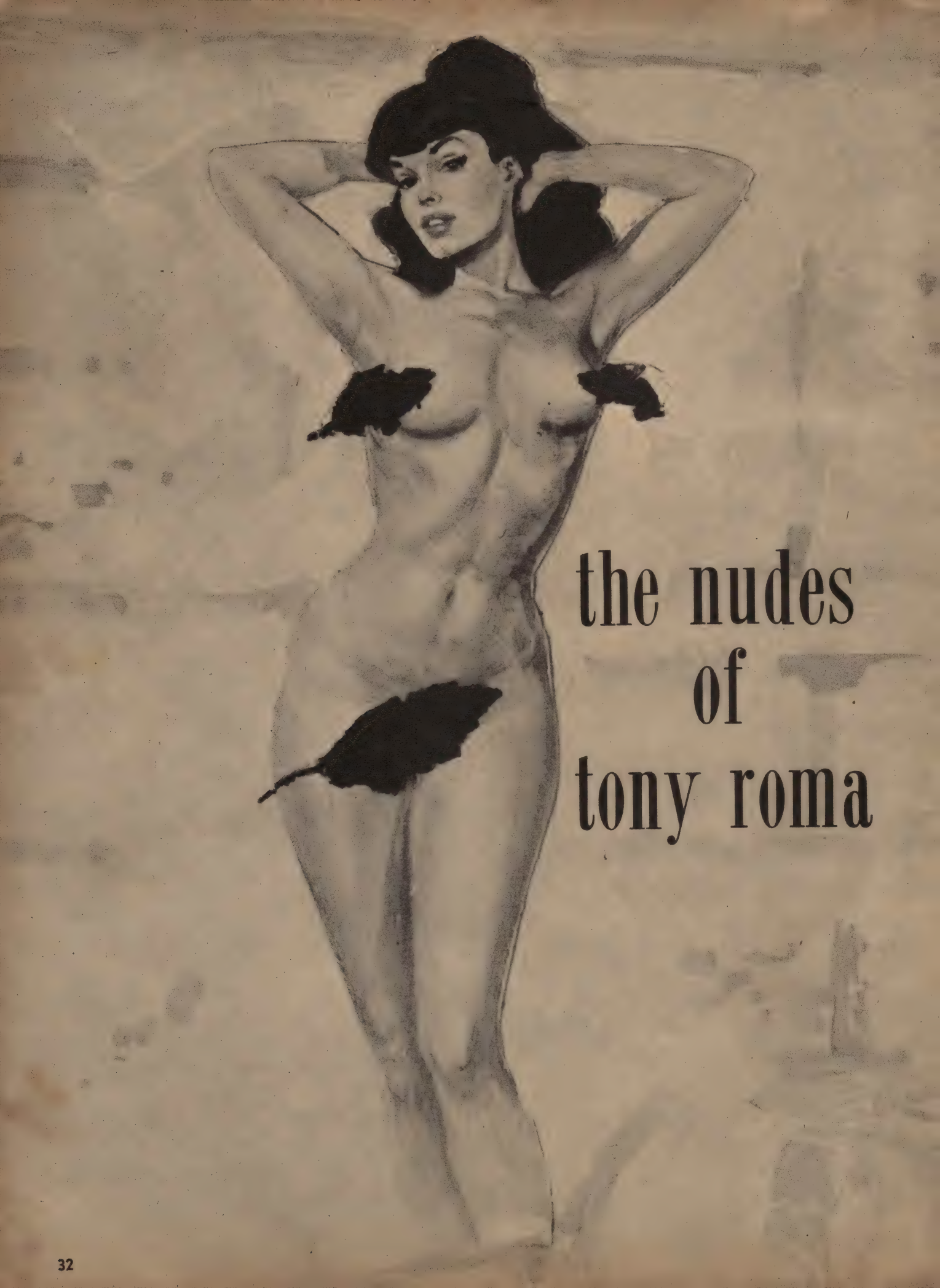
Roma was about to ask where the *(Continued on page 76)*

For seven wild days, he was mayor of a townful of women, hoping the Ger-

Pfc. Roma was made mayor of Eberstadt, then carried through the town square by laughing young frauleins.

mans fell for his bluff that the rest of the army was right behind him.

Some of the nude fraulein models used by Pfc. Roma can be seen on the following pages. ▶



the nudes of tony roma

After he returned to the States, "The GI Who Captured Fraulein City" kept right on painting beautiful women, but using American models, like those photographed on pages 34-35. However, the nudes shown here are reproductions of part of the fabulous mural that Roma painted in Germany during the closing days of WW II. The models are three willing frauleins of Eberstadt.

the nudes of tony roma

LAST MINUTE

MEMO: FOR MEN

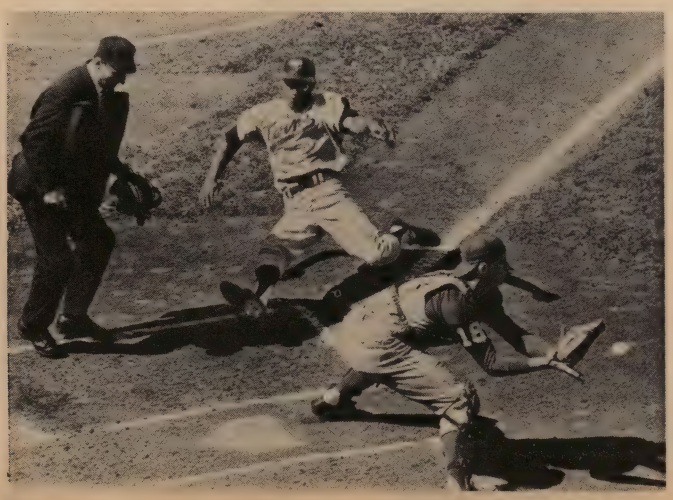
Baseball spoken here: Just as you can't tell Mantle without his knee braces, you're not really an INSIDER unless you know: BAG OF PEANUTS is a broken hand, fingers of which, when closed, look like a peanut-crammed paper bag; BASES DRUNK are bases loaded; A BOILER is a player's stomach, which is often bad; BRAIN SURGEON stands for anything that's easier to be than a ballplayer; GET NAKED means "Concentrate," such as when a coach yells to a base-runner, "Get naked and take off"; HEAD refers to beauty, not brains. Blondes are usually GOOD heads. Yogi Berra is an example of a bad head; HOSE is a pitcher's arm; TOOLS generally are arms and legs. A player with "good tools" is one who is big in build, but small in talent; WHEELS are legs. "Good wheels" on a lady are pretty legs, on a man, fast ones. A "blowout" is a wheel injury; WOOD is the bat. "Bad wood" means a low batting average. Good wood means a high one. Bad heads are often good wood . . .

French boss chef de Gaulle also chefs Mme. de G. the way he does his country, SHE can't buy a stitch for herself till HE looks it over, says OK . . .

The reason ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S memoirs aren't in print yet is that he left behind MORE THAN 1,000,000 pieces of paper in his personal effects; still being indexed . . .

Weakies who CAN'T TAKE the feel of ICKY BAITWORMS can roll them in a CAN OF SAND first. They come out powdered like a donut and DRY to the touch . . .

Any old-time NIGHT HUNTER will tell you NEVER squint directly at a critter when sighting in dark. MOVE YOUR EYES AROUND IT, in short jerks . . .



MEMO: CAR OWNERS

The FIRST THING to remember when you're buying on time is DON'T BUY AT ALL unless you can plunk a full ONE-THIRD down on that used car Robin Hood's table. Then, don't let him get his hooks into THE REST OF THE FINANCING, but go to your own bank, or at worst, A FINANCE COMPANY OF YOUR CHOICE. It may take a little longer, but TAKE IT. The used car market being what it is, the bandit probably isn't going to sell it to anyone else. AND THE LOGIC IS: You'll probably drive the bomb for at least a year. Why not make sure you don't spend the year DRIVING WITH AN IMPOSSIBLE NUT AROUND YOUR NECK, or maybe even LOSING your treasure back TO CROOK FINANCIERS. Avoid: (1) NOTHING-DOWN-EASY-PAY. With this there is almost a private finance company, choking interest rate, and CHATTEL MORTGAGE on your furniture. Miss ONE payment, and they can not only repossess the car, but PERHAPS LEAVE YOU WITH NOTHING TO SIT ON, TOO; (2) MOMENTUM DEALS, in which INSURANCE, interest, whatever warranty costs, etc., come wrapped in same contract, with the lure of getting your car easily if you do; BALLOON CONTRACTS. This means your first payments are ridiculously LOW. Then, on final payment, they belt you with a "BALLOON" which may tote up to HALF the purchase price. This usually means re-financing. REMEMBER: Banks don't want old furniture, don't usually sell auto insurance, and maintain LOW rates regulated BY LAW . . .

Most DISTURBING news of the month: SEAT BELTS CAN KILL—and have—if not fastened TIGHT ENOUGH. In a crash, a loose belt KNIFES your middle like a wire lasso . . .

It won't win any 0-60mph acceleration races, nor any BEAUTY CONTESTS, but one of those brand-new CHECKER four-doors may be just what you've hunted for in a comfy, roomy old SECOND BUGGY. They're made by that cab company and aren't TOO FUNKY-LOOKING in black . . .

MEMO: CASHBOX

Following is the profile of a GUY.. What kind? Read first, comparing YOURSELF along the way. HE WORSHIPS AUTHORITARIANISM, blieves workers should see the BOSS as a GOD, yet does not see him as one himself. He has FRIGHTENINGLY LITTLE sense of humor. He can spot another man's WEAK POINTS, but doesn't poke them just for fun, ONLY when he feels it PROFITABLE. He will CHISEL on his own wife with another man's WITHOUT conscience. He FUSSES maddeningly over DETAIL, has a PASSION for order, will often lay his

MEMO FOR MEN

clothes out the night before so he can DRESS on an "assembly line" in the a.m. He HOPES you like him, because that means HE CAN USE YOU, but doesn't lose any sleep if you HATE his guts. He doesn't see why men with BOOZE TROUBLES should be any problem on the job, when you can SIMPLY FIRE THEM. Who is he? He's the guy who'll get that ROOM AT THE TOP in his job. If YOU aren't at least 5 OF THESE 7 THINGS, reconcile yourself now to a TOMB AT THE BOTTOM and don't bang your head on the wall. You'll never make it. A clue: Most of your DETROIT BIG BOYS clock in 7-7. Most of your SKID ROW BUMS don't have this drive . . .

But there ARE ways to hit it big. Come up with a successful mating of orange and apple trees to yield ORAPPLES, and you'll be able to BUY half of Detroit. The fruit industry's been after this one for years . . .

The space-missile outfits are so LEAN on engineers and technicians, most will BONUS YOU $100 FOR EVERY ONE you bring in who is signed on . . .

If you're not tuned in to what's buzzing in TRANSISTOR RADIOS, just hold off on buying this year, that's all. U.S.-made jobs now selling for $49.50, will be down to $12 by FALL, far superior to those crackling, squealing Japanese jobs for same loot . . .

And, if your Aunt Minnie's got an ALICE IN WONDERLAND inscribed by a guy named Lewis Carroll to some little girl, GRAB IT. It's worth $18,000 at least . . .

MEMO: CRIME FILE

One of the roughest-to-solve CRIMES our sleuths haven't busted is WHY THE U.S. LEADS EVERYBODY IN KNOCKING OURSELVES OFF. Gun, gas, roof and pills BECKONS to ONE AMERICAN per MINUTE. This is even more than in JAPAN, where each spring the volcanoes traditionally swallow several HUNDRED girls who FAIL UNIVERSITY EXAMS. Why is it a CRIME in most states when the only life you take is YOUR OWN? Most states can't hazard the vaguest guess, except the BIBLE condemns the act as sin, and at one time ages back, anything that was SIN WAS ALSO ILLEGAL. Now, most cops lean to the more sensible view that SUICIDE is a craziness, not a crime. They look to the enlightened day when the PSYCHO will be treated for his problem, NOT LEFT TO STEW IN THE TANK. Three men are most likely to try suicide and SUCCEED: (1) The LONER; (2) The KOOK who hears voices and sees visions, and, this one will SHOCK YOU, (3) The GUY WHO GIVES UP HIS LIFE FOR A FRIEND. The brain-pickers now say our martyrs, like the FOUR WWII CHAPLAINS on the same torpedoed ship who VOLUNTARILY handed their Mae Wests to others, are really "RATIONAL SUICIDES." There is a wish for SELF-DESTRUCTION behind almost every heroic DANGEROUS ACT . . .

SUICIDE SCORE SHEET: Americans do it starting AGE 3 and are still at it at AGE 80 . . .

Men who ATTEND CHURCH regularly rarely do it at all . . .

Psychologists also know now that most suicides are really guys who WANTED DESPERATELY TO KILL SOMEBODY, ANYBODY, but corked up the homicide impulse because OF CONSCIENCE NAGGINGS . . .

Army OFFICERS do themselves in far more often than EM do . . .

You'd be wise to listen when a MAN threatens to kill himself. You can almost LAUGH IN HER FACE when a woman does. REASON: Of all who try MEN SUCCEED 3 to 1 . . .

THE NAKED WENCH

Continued from Page 17

Her pointed nose quivered. "Of course not!"

Doctor Maybury didn't look any different from the last time I'd seen him around four years back. The same plump little man with a nice white skin.

"Lieutenant Wheeler." He got up from behind his desk and shook hands with me.

"Doctor." I smiled politely, then introduced Polnik.

Maybury sank back into his chair and said, "As I mentioned to the sheriff when I reported finding the corpse, I will appreciate any efforts you can make to guard the sanitarium against any sensational publicity in the newspapers. "It would—"

"Hey, Doc!" Polnik interrupted him. "Where's the cadaver, huh?"

"The body?" Maybury blinked slowly. "Certainly, I'll take you to it myself."

It was a hike from his office to the far corner of the grounds where the red brick wall made a right-angled turn away from the street. The immaculate lawn ran out about 20 feet from the wall, and was replaced by a tangled profusion of shrubs.

Maybury plunged into the shrubbery and I followed him. The doctor came to a sudden, unexpected halt and said, "There it is, Lieutenant!"

I looked down and saw the naked, shapely body of a young girl sprawled at his feet, the haft of a knife protruding from the valley between her small breasts. A split second later I saw her head was completely covered with white fur. A feline head, monstrous and grotesque, with a satanic twist to the snarling mouth.

"Cheez!" Polnik said huskily. "What kind of a nut is *that?*"

I went down onto my knees and peeled off the rubber mask, revealing the face of a girl who'd been in her early 20s. The close-cropped blonde hair was matted tight to her head and she would have been pretty, but the fear in her staring eyes destroyed everything else so only the horror remained. I looked at Maybury. "You know her?" I asked.

"Nina Ross," he said, and he didn't even sound surprised.

"You knew that before I took off the mask," I snapped.

"That was enough to identify her." He pointed toward the inside of the girl's left thigh, just above the knee.

There was a small cluster of white spots on her skin, like teethmarks. Maybury anticipated my next question.

"The stigmata," he said simply.

"If you don't mind, Lieutenant, I'd prefer to explain that in sequence." The doctor dabbed his forehead with a white silk handkerchief. "Could we go back to my office now?"

"I guess so," I said grudgingly. "Polnik, you'd better go back to the main gate—Doc Murphy should be here any time. You can bring him back here. When he's finished I'll be in Doctor Maybury's office."

In his office five minutes later, Maybury sank gratefully into the chair behind his desk.

"Who found the body, Doctor?" I asked.

"One of the gardeners," he said promptly. "A few minutes before ten."

"You mean your security is so lousy that nobody discovers a patient's missing by ten in the morning?"

"Nina Ross *was* a patient here," he explained carefully. "But she was discharged a week back."

"You keep your gates locked at night?"

"Of course! And there's a guard always at the gates."

"She wasn't a patient so she didn't walk out of the sanitarium into those shrubs, and she didn't walk in through the gates because they're locked and the guard would have seen her, anyway," I said bleakly. "How do you figure she got there, Doctor?"

"I HAVE no explanation, Lieutenant." He scowled. "She could have been dead before her body was put there."

"Oh, sure," I grunted. "So somebody else leaped that high wall with her body held lightly in his arms?"

I lit a cigarette and said, "Tell me about Nina Ross."

"She came here about two months back," he said eagerly. "Stayed seven weeks, then left."

"What was wrong with her?"

"My guess was paranoia."

"So what was Nina Ross's delusion?"

"Nina Ross firmly believed her mind and body has been possessed by a witch who first appeared to her in the shape of a white cat—"

"The mask over her head?" I asked him sharply.

"The symbolism is obvious," he said heavily. "But I never saw the mask before this morning. The witch had taken possession of her some months before she came to me, she said, and forced her to do dreadful things like attending witches' sabbaths, take part in sexual orgies at a black mass, and so on."

"You didn't hear from her after she left?"

"Not until this morning," he said dispiritedly.

"Who are her family?"

"She didn't have any—or that's what she told me."

"You only cater to the best people here," I said coldly. "Your rates would come high, Doctor. Nina Ross never had any problem meeting them?"

"Her employer, and her only friend apparently, paid her accounts. He advised her to come here. His name is James Arist."

"What do you know about him?"

"I never met him, Lieutenant. The day after Nina arrived here, he called the sanitarium office and told them he would be responsible for her financially."

"So you have his address," I said. "How about Nina Ross?"

"Both addresses are on file, I'm sure." Maybury lifted his phone. "I'll have them left with the nurse on the reception desk."

I suddenly remembered a question as he put down the phone. "What was that you said outside?—something about stigmata?"

"The marks on her thigh," he said, nodding. "Natural, of course, but Nina was determined they were put there by the witch, who commanded the Devil to leave his teethmarks permanently in her flesh."

That was enough for the moment. I picked up the addresses from the nurse and was halfway across the flagged terrace when I saw Polnik and Doc Murphy heading toward the building. When they got real close I thought I could detect a faint look of surprise on Murphy's face, and that was something I'd never seen before.

"Did you come up with any of your usual inaccurate conclusions, Doc?" I asked pleasantly.

"She's been dead between six to eight hours, I figure." He checked his watch. "Sometime between three and five A.M."

He went on smugly. "Did you take a good look at that rubber mask, Al? That it fitted real tight, covering her head entirely down to her neck?"

"That I noticed, when I peeled it off."

He nodded approvingly. "Maybe you even noticed the flaring nostrils and pointed teeth?"

I took a long breath. "So?"

"All solid rubber."

It took a moment before I got the significance. "You mean, no airholes?"

"Right."

"Then it was put on after she was dead," I said.

I turned to Polnik. "I want you to stay here, Sergeant. Check the guards on the gate. Find out who was on duty through the night and if they heard or saw anything unusual."

HE NODDED and I headed for the car. It was still the same beautiful morning in late spring when I reached Nina's home.

A concrete ramp led up to the front entrance. The door was half open and the brilliant thought occurred to me that I should announce my arrival in case she had shared the house with somebody else. Door chimes chimed when I thumbed the bell push, and a couple of seconds later an equally melodious voice called, "Come on in."

There was a square entrance hall, with doors leading off it in two directions, and four steps to my right led down into a large sunken living room.

"I'm in here," the voice said from in back of the nearest door. "And I need help!"

On the other side of the door was a bedroom, my cop's instinct told me immediately, because it contained a bed, a bureau, three huge closets and a dame standing there in the center with her back toward me.

It was quite a back. Tanned to a warm olive brown color, and separated from two beautiful, long-stemmed legs, by a pair of ocean-blue silk panties that clung snugly to well-rounded hips.

"I never can get this damn bra done up," she said. "The first hook will do."

I took the bra straps from her fingers obediently and managed to hook up the bra for her.

"Ouch!" She sounded indignant. "You didn't have to tug that hard! And you're a half-hour late, so it's your fault you never got to scrub my back for me."

"Next time I'll be early," I said with passionate sincerity.

"Oh, my God!" Her voice had an incredulous tone to it. "It's not Johnny at all."

Fast, heavy footsteps sounded confidently in the entrance hall, the bedroom door swung open and a big, muscled character came charging into the room.

He was a couple of inches over six feet tall and weighed around 185 pounds—and it looked *all* muscle. His bleached, sand-colored hair was cropped short and curled defiantly. The face was heavy, the mouth hard, with thin lips twisted into a permanent sneer. "Just who the hell is this creep?"

"Darling, this is—" She stared at me for a moment, then giggled helplessly.

"I'm Lieutenant Wheeler, from the county sheriff's office," I said coldly. "Just who the hell are you?"

"A cop?" He stared at me in sheer disbelief.

"I can never get this damn bra done up," she said. "Do the first hook."

The brunette stopped giggling. "Maybe I'd better make some introductions," she murmured. "Lieutenant Wheeler, this is a friend of mine, Johnny Crystal."

"Cop or no cop," Crystal snarled, "just what the hell are you doing in my girl's bedroom?"

"Nina Ross lived here, right?" I ignored him and concentrated on the girl.

"And still does," she said, smiling.

"I'm afraid not," I said soberly. "She was murdered sometime during the early hours of this morning."

"I think there's been some terrible mistake, Lieutenant," the girl said.

"What makes you think that?" I asked.

"Because I am Nina Ross," she said.

After I digested that, I said, "Then you'd better come with me to the morgue. I want you to look at what's left of the other Nina Ross."

THE morgue attendant came forward to to greet us.

"Hi, Bernie," I said, without much enthusiasm. "Let's take a look at the girl."

A minute later he peeled the white sheet from the dead girl's face.

"Doctor Murphy's doing the autopsy in an hour from now, Lieutenant," he said.

"Thanks, Bernie," I told him.

"Lieutenant?" Nina whispered urgently. "I know her." "I—do you mind if we go outside?"

"Sure." I took her arm and walked her out of the morgue.

"That's a lot better," she said and took a deep breath. "I guess it was the sudden shock of seeing Diana like that."

"Diana?" I queried.

"Diana Arist."

"Is she any relation to a guy called James Arist?"

"I wouldn't know," she said slowly. "I seem to remember she mentioned her Uncle Jimmy once—maybe it's the same man?"

"She was a friend of yours?"

Nina nodded. "I first met her about a year back, when she modeled for me." She saw the question on my face. "I'm a commercial artist, Lieutenant."

"When was the last time you saw her?"

"A couple of months back. She came to the house very late one night and told me she was in bad trouble and had to go away for a while. She wouldn't tell me what it was, only that she needed some clothes and a couple of suitcases."

"Did she say where she was going?"

"Not a word."

I walked her back to the Healey, tucked her into the passenger's seat, then got in behind the wheel. "I'll take you home again," I said.

On the drive I told her everything I knew. She couldn't tell me much more about Diana. As I stopped near the house, she asked, "Why were you so sure Diana was me?"

"She gave your name at the sanitarium," I explained. "They had your address on their records."

"Oh, I see."

"I wondered when you were going to ask," I murmured.

"What does that mean?"

"It was something you should be curious about. Logically it was the first question you should ask, but you didn't. You want to know what that means?"

"Tell me!" she grated.

"You knew already," I told her. . . .

My next stop was James Artist's place.

The cabin was perched dizzily on top of Pine Bluffs. There was a large wooden veranda out front that creaked and groaned as I walked across it toward the front door. It worked better than any doorbell: by the time I got there, the door was already open and somebody was leaning against the frame waiting for me.

"Mr. Arist?" I asked.

"I'm James Arist," he said in a pleasant, deep baritone. He was a tall man, around 45, with silver-gray hair.

"I'm Lieutenant Wheeler from the sheriff's office," I said formally. "You have a niece, Diana Arist—"

"I know about Diana. Doctor Maybury called me this morning," he continued. "Won't you come in, Lieutenant?"

I followed him into the living room and was stunned at the size of it. From the outside, the cabin was deceptively small; inside it was spacious and luxuriously furnished.

"I realize you have a thousand questions to ask me, Lieutenant. So let me try to answer some of them for you. Firstly, although Diana was my niece there was no great feeling between us. I lost touch with my sister some twenty years back when Diana was a small child. Maybe two years back Diana suddenly paid me a visit, told me who she was, and that both her parents had died six months before and I was her only surviving kin.

"She had done some modeling back East and was determined to get a start on the West Coast, and all she wanted was a room until she could get onto her feet.

"SHE stayed on and off with me for about six months. Sometimes she'd be gone for a night, sometimes for a week. I never asked questions, she never volunteered any information. A typical Arist—cold-blooded, self-sufficient, driven by a ruthless ambition that would sacrifice anything and anyone, including herself, to achieve its ends! At the end of six months she said she didn't need the room any more and left.

"For a long time I never saw or heard of her, and it didn't worry me. Then she suddenly reappeared about three months back and told me she had the chance of a lifetime to make it big, and would I lend her some money. I told her she was out of her mind, of course, and we had an argument which ended when I knocked her to the floor.

"After she'd gone, I confess I felt badly about the whole thing, Lieutenant. After all, she was my niece. Then, a month after that she came back for the last time. She arrived about three A.M. in a state of sheer terror. Finally I managed to quiet her down and she told me that her plans had gone desperately wrong and now *he* was after her to kill her."

Arist sighed and shook his head slowly. "That was all she would tell me. I asked who *he* was, of course, but she wouldn't say. She had to hide someplace, I had to

find her somewhere she could hide in safety. This place was no good, because they could find it.

"Then I had an idea. I have an unusual hobby—I am an amateur demonologist. During the time she had lived here, Diana had often discussed it with me and acquired a little knowledge of the subject. It seemed at the time to be the perfect answer—a voluntary stay in a sanitarium by a girl suffering from the delusion she had been possessed by a witch.

"SHE needed a false name for extra security, and she had no money. I reluctantly agreed to meet her bills; she said she'd take the name of one of her friends, Nina Ross. Then I drove her to Hillstone later the same morning and dropped her about a hundred yards from the gates of the sanitarium. Afterwards I wrote them, saying that Nina Ross was my secretary and I would of course pay her bills."

"She walked out of the sanitarium a week back," I said. "You have no idea what she did this last week?"

"None whatsoever, Lieutenant."

"That brings us back to the mysterious *he* again—the one who wanted to kill her."

"Yes," he said soberly, "and I've just remembered something—a phone call the day I took Diana to the sanitarium. A man wanted to know where he could find her urgently. He said she'd done a lot of modeling work for him, and he had a very good assignment lined up for her. I said I hadn't seen her."

"Did you get his name?"

"Dana Bladen, of Travers, Bladen, Inc., and Diana knew the number."

"Well, maybe that's a start," I said morosely. "Did he call again?"

"No. That was the only call for Diana I had in the last two months, Lieutenant."

"Thanks for your time, I'll be in touch," I told him and started toward the door. On sudden impulse I stopped for a last look at the somber portrait that hung above the fireplace.

"Ah!" Arist chuckled appreciately. "Now *there* was a witch!"

"Who is she?" I asked.

"Madame de Montespan, royal mistress of Louis XIV," he said in an almost reverent voice. "It was said she celebrated the black mass by lying perfectly nude on a black altar, while black candles were lit and a chalice placed on her belly."

It was ten after six when I got back to the sheriff's office, which had a kind of deserted look about it. Annabelle Jackson, the sheriff's secretary, came out of his office and stopped suddenly when she saw me.

"Hi," she said. "You're just in time. Some girl just telephoned to talk to you. No one else is here and I was just about to hang up when I heard your car."

I dived across her desk and grabbed the phone. "Sheriff's office," I said.

"I have to talk with Lieutenant Wheeler," a cool feminine voice said.

"This is he," I gurgled.

"I've been trying to contact you all afternoon, Lieutenant. You're in charge of the murder investigation, aren't you?"

"Right," I said.

"I think I can give you some vital information but there are strings attached. Will you do it my way?"

"Why not?" I said enthusiastically. "What way?"

"I can't explain now—," she whispered. "I'm a prisoner inside my own house, so you must come to me. But you mustn't tell them it's me you want, or say it's about the murder!"

"Them?" I echoed.

"The whole place is crawling with muscle," she snapped. "They can't keep a cop out, but they'll try. You'll have to be tough with them."

"Tell me something?" I asked cautiously. "What do I say?"

"You insist to see my husband," she said crisply. "He won't be here. Then you insist on seeing his wife."

"What's the address?"

"Three-o-five Sunrise, Valley Heights," she said. "And *hurry*, Lieutenant!"

"I will," I promised. "Hey! What's your husband's name?"

"Paul Travers," she said. "I'm Margie Travers."

"Paul Travers," I repeated. "Of Travers, Bladen, Inc.?" But she'd hung up already.

Valley Heights is the swank neighborhood of Pine City, and abounds with poodles, butlers, and three-car garages all full. Sunrise Crescent was about par for the course, with every house standing a couple of hundred feet back from the road, on its own one- to five acre lot. Three-o-five didn't look any different from the rest of the houses on the street. I parked as close as I could get to the front porch. I dug my shield out and held it in my left hand while the door chimes re-echoed inside the house. The door opened slowly, and one look at the guy in back of it said he was muscle.

"Lieutenant Wheeler, police!" I said crisply, and moved forward, shoving my tin in his face as I came.

I kept on going and he back-pedaled instinctively so I made it into the front hall.

"I want to see Paul Travers."

"He ain't here, Lieutenant."

"I'll believe that when I've checked the place," I snarled, and headed toward the living room.

THREE startled faces turned toward me from the card table where two men and a woman sat. One of the guys was strictly more muscle, built to match the one lumbering into the room behind me; but the other one was only average height and built on slender lines. His taut face and restless glittering eyes made him gun-muscle maybe, and a lot more dangerous. I didn't even look at the woman.

"I'm a cop," I grated. "Which one of you is Paul Travers?"

The gun-muscle's eyes burned with fury. He said, "My name is Pete. Mr. Travers is in Europe."

"I hear different," I grated.

Silence blanketed the room and I looked directly at the woman for the first time since I'd entered the room. Her rich silver lame sheath had a neckline scooped two inches lower than it should have been, so that it revealed the almost imperceptible swell of her tiny breasts.

"I am Mrs. Travers, Lieutenant," she said. The cool vibrant tone of her voice was instantly familiar. "And my husband *is* in Europe at the moment."

"Then maybe you can tell me some of the things I want to know?"

"Lieutenant, I—really, I can't—I—" She sat there with a slightly fearful look on her face, and it was just right.

"Just routine questions, Mrs. Travers," I growled.

"Lieutenant?" Now Pete looked real anxious. "Mrs. Travers just—"

"Mrs. Travers," I said, ignoring him with open contempt, "is there someplace private we can talk?"

"Well I—there's my room."

"That'll do fine."

She didn't appear to hurry at all, but one moment she was sitting at the card table, and the next she was halfway toward the door. I waited until she reached the front hall before I followed, feeling three pairs of eyes riveted between my shoulder blades as I went.

I CAUGHT up with her at the head of the stairs, and she led the way to a room situated at the front of the house. As soon as we got inside she slammed the door shut, turned the key in the lock. "You *were* magnificent!"

"You were pretty good yourself," I said nervously.

"Now, you're in a jam and those three goons downstairs are strictly the hired help, right? I mean, you wouldn't call Pete the brains of the outfit?"

"That's a laugh!" she tittered shrilly. "But any time now he'll have enough brains to phone the real brain to tell him what's happened!"

"What are we going to do?" she whispered.

"You said over the phone you were a prisoner in your own house?"

"It's true. You've seen it for yourself!"

"So what do you want to do about it?"

"You see," she said, "if Paul was coming back I know he'd take care of things. But I'm not sure he is coming back—ever. Right now they need me in case somebody like you comes along and asks awkward questions."

"If they need you to cover for whatever's happened to your husband, honey, I'm afraid your usefulness died the moment we got into this room."

"How do you mean?" she said sharply.

"We've been alone up here long enough for you to tell me everything there is to tell. They can't afford to take the chance you didn't tell everything, can they?"

"No, they can't." She turned and walked, stiffened suddenly and leaned forward.

I went across to where she stood, and followed the direction of her pointing finger. "I guess you were right. Here they are!"

A black sedan parked at the curb, two men got out and walked leisurely up the driveway.

"You were right about Pete making

that call, too," Margie said miserably. "Here comes the Brain, Dana Bladen."

From where we stood, Bladen was only a foreshortened silhouette moving up the driveway at the same easy pace he'd used from the time the two men got out of the car. I looked at the other man walking a couple of paces in back of him. "Who's the guy with Bladen?" I asked.

"His right arm." There was a sneer in Margie's voice. "The fink with the big ambitions—Johnny Crystal!"

At the rate they were progressing up the driveway, it would take them at least five minutes to reach the front porch.

"Margie," I said quickly. "I have a wild idea to help get us out of here. So cooperate!"

I GRABBED her into my arms and kissed her hard on the mouth, deliberately smearing her lipstick as much as I could. Then I made a heavy exploration around her body, and brutally made sure I left a couple of bruises where they'd show. Then I grabbed a handful of scoop neckline, pulled her off balance so she fell face forward on the carpet, then quickly rolled her over and over across the room and finally yanked her back onto her feet. She stood there swaying backward and forward.

"What chance have I got of getting out the back way?" I asked quickly.

"No chance," she said positively. "You have to walk down the stairs to do that."

"Listen! It's a wild idea but I can't think of anything else. In a couple of seconds from now you're going downstairs again, just the way you are. You tell them they got nothing to worry about, that cop started asking questions but you soon fixed him. They'll want to know where I am, so you tell them I'm still getting back into my clothes—make a big thing out of the punk that didn't know what hit him when you started and he's still dazed—you know?"

"I know," she said.

"When they ask you what kind of questions, tell them I said we had a direct connection between Diana Arist's murder this morning and Travers, Bladen, Incorporated. Say I told you if your husband is overseas for real, that automatically lets him out—and Bladen has to be the guy I want. Just don't let one of them come up here."

I catfooted along in back of her until she reached the head of the stairs, then sneaked past toward the rooms that faced the back of the house. For a few seconds I watched Margie walk down the stairs, and I could see the act taking shape.

"Hey, Dana!" Margie's wanton-sounding voice boomed lustily. "I just figured out a brand-new gismo for taking the curiosity out of a nosy cop! So maybe it is a little tiring for us girls, but—"

I dragged the .38 out of my holster with my right hand, and went down the stairs fast. There was a blurred glimpse of two faces turned toward me with blank astonishment plastered across them, then I was within striking distance of the nearest one, which happened to belong to Johnny Crystal, and slammed the barrel of the .38 right between his eyes. He disappeared real fast, and the one astonished face left belong to Margie. I grabbed her wrist, and she yelped painfully as she was yanked off her feet.

The front door was half-open, which helped. It seemed like just two steps brought us beside the car. I bundled Margie swiftly into the passenger's seat and took off. As I drove she told me that Bladen wanted to hear the questions the cop asked, and Johnny Crystal kept asking could he go upstairs and take care of the creep.

"He said to Crystal, 'Okay, go get him but I want him alive. We have to do this right with no fumbling, and we need the both of them to make it look right.' That's when you crashed in."

We got up to my apartment sometime after eight and I headed toward the kitchen to whip up Scotch on the rocks. Margie went into the bathroom.

The dame who reappeared from the bathroom looked like Margie's kid sister. Her hair was combed out so it curled gently down to her shoulders; her freshly scrubbed face glowed. Seeing her in a white strapless bra and minute matching briefs made me suddenly realize it was all a matter of proportion. Her breasts were small, but perfectly proportioned to her narrow waist, and firm. Her hips were sleekly rounded, her legs slender with firm thighs tapering to fragile ankles.

Margie walked over to the couch almost shyly, and sat down. I gave her a drink.

"I want you to know one thing," she said abruptly. "Paul Travers never meant anything to me, not even when we were first married, I married him for what I could get out of him, and he married me for the same kind of reasons. We've been married eight years, and the last two he's slept around almost any place but home."

"Margie," I said, "you don't need to—"

"Shut up!" she snarled viciously. "I said Paul meant nothing to me and he didn't," she whispered. "But now I'm sure he's dead and it's as much my fault as anyone else's — even whoever it was who fired the gun or whatever they used!"

"Okay," I grunted. "But let me ask a couple of questions."

She shrugged irritably.

"Travers, Bladen, Incorporated," I said. "What kind of a business is it?"

"A warehouse," she said flatly. "Handling machinery mostly, and the bulk of its business is for San Diego merchants."

"Fine," I said. "Now, what does it really do?"

Her lips parted in a brief smile. "It's the center for a bookie operation."

I said, "So it's the central control for the San Diego area?" She nodded quickly. "It's not big enough to be an independent —who's your husband working for?"

"Joe 'Needles' Carlu, in Detroit," she said. "Don't ask me who Joe works for because I wouldn't know, but he works for somebody."

"Paul Travers' name gets top billing, so it figures he's the boss of the San Diego operation?" I queried.

She nodded. "Joe gave him Dana Bladen, because he wanted Dana trained by a real good man so he could handle his own operation in some other part of the country in another three or four years. Dana arrived some eighteen months back to work as Paul's right-hand man, and he brought his own right-hand man along with him—pretty-boy Johnny Crystal. I knew Paul didn't like it much, but Joe had okayed it in Detroit so there was nothing he could do.

"Dana was always kind of superior in his attitude, polite, but never friendly. Johnny was different. He was always friendly, courteous, attentive. A couple of times Paul and Dana had gone down to San Diego for three or four days, and Johnny had been left here. He'd drop over to see me for a couple of hours and we'd have a few drinks. There was no involvement, you understand?

"Then, maybe six months back, when Paul and Dana were away for a ten-day trip, Johnny came over one night around ten, loaded like I'd never seen him before. I got him into a chair, made him coffee—all the corny routine. Finally he sobered enough to be able to speak. He couldn't take it any longer, he told me. Maybe he was being disloyal but no guy had the right to treat me the way Paul was. Then I got the whole story. Dana was on his own in San Diego, while Paul was in Vegas with an artist's model called Diana Arist. I got mad and started drinking. I got drunk as Johnny got sober—you can guess the end of that episode. He left the house five days later."

Margie shrugged quickly. "So there it was. Paul spent most of his time with the Arist dame, and I spent most of my time with Johnny Crystal. The important thing—I was so goddam dumb I didn't even notice until it was too late—was that Johnny used me the whole time to spy on Paul. He'd ask a casual question about who Paul had been with in Detroit, was he worried about those five bookie joints that were closed in the one night. If I didn't have the answer right then, I'd get it out of Paul the next time I saw him.

"The sky fell in a couple of months back. Paul told me he was spending a week in San Diego, and I neither knew nor cared if he was lying or not by then. Johnny was supposed to be coming over to the house around eight, but he never showed. I waited around until midnight then went to bed. At three in the morning, Johnny showed up with Dana Bladen, and Bladen had three muscles along with him!

"THEY didn't know how to tell me, Bladen said, but Paul had been secretly milking the operation for the last few months. They'd only discovered it that morning. There was something like a hundred and fifty grand missing—and so was Paul—and Diana Arist with him. As far as they'd been able to check, they figured the two of them were in South America already.

"Nobody could blame me for any part of it, Bladen told me carefully, but they had to take precautions. He'd already been in touch with Joe in Detroit and it was what he wanted. The muscle would move into the house, and for a while

Slamming Johnny with the .38, I yanked Margie toward the door.

they didn't want me to go out anyplace at all. Nobody really believed for a moment that Paul would be stupid enough to sneak home again, but they couldn't take the chance on not being ready for him if he did. There was another thing, Bladen told me with a real sad look on his face. Joe had hired some gunsel to deal with Paul already, and there was no point in asking for trouble for some triggerhappy punk who just could be too dumb to know his contract didn't include Mrs. Paul Travers.

"I went along with them—for the first couple of weeks I was too dazed to do anything else. I figured I'd known Paul better than anybody else ever had, and that was the one thing I'd be sure he'd never do. Johnny didn't show at the house once in that time, and it was a month before he did. By then he looked like something in white armor after I'd been stuck inside the house so long. So I gave him the big hello—ran down the hall, threw my arms around his neck and kissed him —and he backhanded me across the mouth. It was all over, he said, and only a two-bit cheap broad like me wouldn't have realized it a long time back.

"I spent another month inside the house with the three muscles for company. Then I heard a news bulletin this afternoon about them finding Diana Arist's body!"

"That made you call the sheriff's office?"

"It sure did!" she said savagely. "She was the one thing that convinced me Paul must have taken the money. I knew he was crazy for her, and I figured he could have been crazy enough to pull a stupid stunt like that. But when she turned up dead with no Paul Travers dead on the ground beside her, I knew the whole thing was phony from the very beginning! Somebody else must have taken the hundred and fifty grand and blamed Paul for it. And before they could do that, they'd have to be real sure about one thing, wouldn't they?"

"Two things, Margie," I said politely. "One, that he'd never be able to deny it; and two, that he was hidden away someplace where nobody would ever find him."

"Which means he's dead," she said flatly. "He was probably already dead that night Dana and Johnny came to the house!"

She turned her head away suddenly. "That isn't all of it," she said in a shaking voice. "There's something else and I was going to tell you—only now I can't! It's too horrible! Disgusting! I can't ever tell anyone—" She buried her head in her hands and started to sob uncontrollably.

I tried to comfort her and it made things even worse. Then I sloshed about another five ounces of straight alcohol into a glass and took that across to the couch. Margie snatched it out of my hand and gulped down the contents. Then she thrust the empty glass at me and said, "More!" in a thick voice. I took a little more time about the next one and when I got back into the living room, she was sprawled across the couch with her head cradled on her arm, snoring gently. I covered her with a blanket.

The next morning I woke around eight, and when I got into the living room Margie had gone. There was a note on the table which read:

Thanks for everything. I took your carcoat and cleaned out your wallet—37 bucks exactly. My diamond earrings are on your bureau. Please hock them and keep the pawn ticket for me. I have this big problem to figure out, and when I do, I guess I'll be back.

Love, Margie

I was in Sheriff Lavers' office the next day when Doc Murphy rushed in.

"Al?" Murphy said to me. "You saw the body before I did. How much blood was there?"

"Not much—hardly any."

"Sure. Because the knife wasn't what killed her." He sighed deeply.

"The first knife thrust punctured the superior vena cava," Murphy said slowly. "There must have been buckets of blood —very messy." He wrinkled his nose at the thought. "So, somehow the murderer carefully cleaned it all up, then slammed the knife into the original wound. Only the knife's path through the body deviated from the original the second time."

"Does it alter the time of death substantially, Doc?" I queried.

"Anything up to a couple of hours earlier than my original estimate," he said.

"That reminds me," Lavers said. "I have the lab report on the knife and mask. No prints on the knife, of course. The mask is one of the cheap lines they sell through the variety chains. The special appearance of the cat was presumably added to the mask by the murderer. The white fur was from an old rug, the eyes hand-painted and et cetera."

He looked up at me hopefully. "It sounds like somebody might have been trying real hard to point a finger toward your demonologist friend, Wheeler."

"Could be," I agreed. "I want to go out and talk with him and the Ross girl again today. They were the only two who talked to Diana Arist the night something happened to terrify her into hiding out at the sanitarium. The only answer to that, logically, is she must have witnessed Paul Travers' murder, right?"

"Right," the sheriff grunted. "Only you'll need to find his body first before you can toss that one into court!"

I DECIDED to first visit the warehouse bearing the proud insignia TRAVERS, BLADEN, Inc.

It seemed no time at all before I was in the office of Mr. Dana Bladen on the third floor and top floor of the warehouse itself.

"You're Wheeler," he said in a rasping voice, without moving from the chair in back of his desk. "You drop by just to be buddy-buddy, Lieutenant?"

"I was wondering what you hear about your former partner, Paul Travers," I said casually.

"Not a thing! What do you hear, Lieutenant?"

"The same."

We sat and just looked at each other for a few seconds.

"Now you're here, would you like to look around the warehouse?" he suggested finally.

"I'd like that very much," I said.

The two-bit tour took a good half-hour; Dana Bladen was what they call thorough.

"Well, now you've seen it all, Lieutenant," he rasped.

"If you had the chance to get back your hundred and fifty grand—through

officials channels — Mr. Bladen," I said, "would you claim it?"

"You're goddam right we would!"

"Then how about showing me the spot where it vanished?"

There was an empty office adjacent to his that belonged to the missing Paul Travers. It was a little larger, but looked about the same as Bladen's in the furnishings. The far wall was also the outside wall of the building, he explained. A perfectly-matched section of plywood veneer swung open at a touch, revealing the wall-safe in back.

"We spent a lot of money on this, Lieutenant," Bladen said. "The safe people's engineers did a lot of ingenious thinking before they put it right here."

"It wouldn't take that much to blow it," I said dubiously.

"They figured that one out, too," he said. "A charge strong enough to blow it open, will blow it clean through the wall first, right down onto that auto-wrecking yard beside us!"

"Cute," I admitted.

"There was just one thing I didn't think of," he said dryly. "That one of the two men who had the combination, would walk in one night and help themselves to a hundred and fifty grand!"

"Nobody else had the combination?"

"Nobody!"

"Not even Johnny Crystal?"

"Not even Johnny," he said shortly. "And I'm still here, but Travers has gone —and so has the money!"

I moved down to the window, stared down at the auto-wrecking yard working at full pressure.

Bladen snarled as he slammed the window shut. "It was fine while they were just stacking the junk, but now they're crushing."

"How long have they been crushing?"

"They started yesterday."

He walked with me to the gates and stopped when we got there. "Nice to see you, Lieutenant!"

"A pleasure meeting you, Mr. Bladen," I told him.

HIS name was Sam, the sun had tanned his face the color of teakwood, and he'd been there from the first day they dumped their first scrapped auto onto the lot.

"Two months back, Lieutenant? Yep! Those first three stacks in the corner."

"I'll get a couple of men out here all the time you're working," I said. "Can you put one of your cranes onto lifting the stuff for them?"

"I guess," he said, nodding.

Well, I said to myself as I walked back to the car, *what else could he have done with a body?*

Nina Ross opened the door a little time later and said bleakly. "It's you, is it? Well, come in."

"Thank you," I said innocently, and followed her into the living room.

"I don't wish to seem rude, Lieutenant," she said, "but I am expecting someone very soon—"

"Johnny Crystal?" I asked.

"Yes!"

"That's great," I told her. "I want to see him, too."

"I'm so glad, Lieutenant!" she said tartly.

"I was wondering—did you ever get your suitcases back? The ones you lent Diana Arist that night?"

"No, I didn't," she said.

"Isn't it possible she left them in the sanitarium?"

"I checked. The old bag I talked to said Diana had never brought them with her in the first place, that she'd only had one piece of luggage, and it was completely different from mine."

"Well, probably your bags are wherever Diana spent that week after she left the sanitarium."

I grinned at her. "I owe you an apology, Miss Ross, about yesterday when I said you should have asked why I was sure Diana Arist was you. I pushed you a little hard there. I was right doing it, but I did it for the wrong reasons."

She stared at me blankly.

"You didn't ask the obvious question because you just didn't want any part of the whole thing," I explained carefully. "You're like Margie Travers. You've got a guilty conscience over something that has to be very personal—it gives you both an overwhelming sense of shame. That's why you're so nervous the whole time I'm around."

"I don't know what you're talking about!" she stammered quickly.

"MAY I ask you a personal question, Miss Ross?"

"What?"

"Are you a genuine commercial artist?"

"Of course I am! What made you ask that?"

"It could be a nice tag you could put on yourself, if Johnny pays the rent here."

"I keep myself, thank you!"

"How long have you known him?"

"For about a year."

"You know what he does for a living?"

"He's right-hand man to the boss of a warehouse in town."

"Travers, Bladen, Incorporated!" I sighed gently. "Actually that warehouse is a dummy. It's owned by a crime syndicate. Bladen is in charge of the San Diego operation when the help of Johnny Crystal."

"I don't believe it!"

"What don't you believe, honey?" a snarling voice asked from just inside the front door.

"Johnny!" Nina Ross leaped out of her chair and threw herself into his arms. "He kept on saying horrible things about you."

Johnny Crystal had a beautiful lump right between his eyes, I noted happily. "You look in great shape, Johnny," I said.

His pupils dilated quickly with blind fury, and his whole body shook. "Just you wait, creep!" he said in a choked voice. "I'm going to get you, cop, if I have to wait ten years."

Nina backed away from him slowly, her dark eyes wide and suddenly questioning.

"Johnny?" Nina Ross whispered. She turned her head slowly and gave me a pleading look.

"Ask him about Paul Travers' wife — Margie," I snarled at her. "It was a very big thing with Johnny up until a couple of months back when she suddenly outlived her usefulness. Ask him about the time he told her Diana Arist was her husband's mistress, and he figured it was such a lousy thing to do to a beautiful girl like her, he stayed the next five nights in a row at the house!"

The tears rolled down her cheeks. "No, I won't! I won't!"

"Ask him how he used Margie as a spy against her own husband, why don't you?" I grated. "Right up until the time her husband disappeared—then he didn't need her anymore.

"Johnny!" I yelled at him. "Why don't you tell her how you backhanded Margie Travers across the mouth and knocked her to the floor?"

Johnny Crystal stumbled toward the door.

"No, Johnny!" Nina moaned and ran after him.

"Leave me alone, you stupid bitch!"

His arm rose and fell, then his hand slammed across her cheek. She crumpled to the floor as he pushed his way blindly out of the house and down the concrete ramp.

Fifteen minutes later, she smiled wanly at me from out of her tear-stained, red-blotched face.

"I should be very grateful," she said sadly. "Are you going to tell me about his wife and seven kids in Montana or someplace?"

"That would be easier," I said. "I want to know why you and Margie Travers have the same guilty conscience and sense of shame."

"No! I can't!"

"Nina," I said, "if this experience of yours was shared with Margie Travers, then it could save her life if you told me. If both of you shared that experience with Diana Arist, my knowing about it could help catch her murderer."

"Damn you!" she said finally, without any heat. "You're right on every count!"

"It won't sound anything like as bad, or whatever, as you think it's about to," I said.

"Well—" She took a deep breath. "I first met Diana when the agency sent her out as a model for me. Johnny came one day she was here and it turned out he knew her uncle, James Arist.

"I GUESS a couple of months later, Johnny brought up the subject of demonology and right in the middle of talking about it Johnny asked me how I would like to attend an orgy. Arist was organizing the whole thing, he said. There'd only be a half-dozen carefully selected people.

"I didn't want to go and we started arguing and Johnny said we were through so I gave in. I was too scared of losing him if I didn't! It was held at Arist's cabin at Paradise Beach.

"He has a huge cellar underneath which is real weird—it gave me the creeps when I started down the stairs! It was held on a Friday night to start at midnight, but Johnny said Arist wanted us there around eleven to get ready.

"When we got down into that cellar I

nearly died of fright. Then Diana arrived, and Arist handed drinks around; a vaguely redheaded woman showed up—I found out later she was Margie Travers—and finally a weirdo with a wonderful torso, but real sick eyes. After the weirdo arrived, Arist said everyone was there who was coming.

"I don't know what it was he gave us in the drinks, but I figured afterwards it had to be some drug. Half a glass of it and your inhibitions totally disappeared. Around ten minutes of midnight, Arist said we should get ready and everybody flung off their clothes happily. Then he handed around masks, which were revolting and hideous! But everybody put them on."

Nina shivered suddenly. "I had one completely lucid moment when I saw a diabolical rooster's head with the naked body of a man from the neck down, stalking me like something out of a nightmare. I don't know how long the orgy lasted, when Arist suddenly clapped his hands for attention." Her face paled. "That was when the whole thing changed to a—a—"

"Satanic mass?"

She nodded. "Arist had these long black robes on then, and a mask of a satyr with horns that was honestly terrifying to just look at!

"I didn't know what I was supposed to do, but Arist gave some orders to Johnny and the weirdo, and the next moment one of them grabbed my feet and the other my shoulders and they carried me to a black altar. Arist motioned with his hands and they lowered me onto it.

"Arist's mask loomed over me the whole time, and then he suddenly whipped out a long, sharp knife from under his robes and started to chant. The weirdo let go of my feet and disappeared down at the far end of the cellar, then came back holding a live chicken in his hand and gave it to Arist. Before I even could sense what was happening he slashed down with the knife and the blood splattered down right across my body. It—*aaugh!*" She writhed in revulsion at the memory. "I screamed and cried and begged him to let me up from the altar, but they held me pinned down down until all the blood had drained from the chicken.

"Diana didn't seem to care, neither did Johnny, and I had a sickening feeling the weirdo got a big boot out of it. Arist left Margie Travers until last—and she was worse than I was. I honestly thought she would lose her mind! After that it kind of just folded," Nina said.

She smiled at me. "When you say it out loud it does sound kind of ridiculous and juvenile, doesn't it?"

"You're right," I agreed. "I'm glad you told me."

I got onto my feet. "Thanks, Nina. I'll keep in contact with you."

James Arist was sitting on the veranda when I arrived at the cabin on Paradise Beach.

"Lieutenant Wheeler!" He smiled broadly. "How nice of you to visit."

"Yeah," I said. "I came for a friendly talk."

"What would you care to talk about?"

"The cellar under your cabin, the satanic mass held there not too long back," I said.

"I have a strange hobby, Lieutenant, but what I do under my own roof is my own business!"

"Orgies, Mr. Arist?" I shook my head sadly. "They're very definitely police business."

"Very well," he said. "What is it you want to know?"

"Who was the creep with real sick eyes?"

"A young friend of mine, Tommy Mulroy."

"Seen Tommy Mulroy recently?"

"It so happens I'm expecting him tonight."

"Have you seen Margie Travers since that night?" I snapped.

His hesitation was only fractional. "No."

"One more point, Mr. Arist. Nina Ross loaned Diana a couple of suitcases the night before she went to the sanitarium," I said. "I promised I'd ask, just in case Diana left them with you."

"No, I don't ever remember seeing them at any time."

IT WAS just after six that night when I got back into town and parked outside the sheriff's office. As I walked inside, I saw one of those rare sights—Lavers smiled at me.

"That was well done, Wheeler," Lavers boomed at me in an approving voice. "What I'd call a nice, solid piece of work!"

"Uh—What was?"

"Around two-thirds of the way down the first pile," he said. "They got to it about four-thirty."

"Travers' body!" I yelped.

"Of course. With a bullet in his head."

"Well," he said, shuffling his feet, "now we have the body, Lieutenant, we need the killer. So this is no time to be fooling around inside my office!"

"No, sir," I said just as the floor shook suddenly and Sergeant Polnik came pounding in. "Okay, Lieutenant!" he yelled at me. "I'm waiting for orders."

"Well, you could get me the number of the Travers, Bladen warehouse," I suggested.

A couple of minutes later I got through to Dana Bladen, who was just about to leave. I told him to wait for me to get there.

"I'll be back soon, Sergeant," I said. "Then we'll see what a hundred and fifty grand will bring out on a warm night!"

Bladen looked at me curiously as I walked into his office and silently gestured for me to take a chair.

"You got me confused," he rasped finally. "This kind of attention from a cop makes me nervous. Don't you care the Syndicate owns this dump and uses it for the San Diego central control?"

"No," I told him truthfully, "because I want two murderers and I want your strictly unofficial and illegal help!"

"This has to be a gag, of course?"

"You want to know where Paul Travers went?"

"That's something I want to know real bad, Lieutenant!"

I took him over to the window of Travers' office and pointed down at the wrecking-yard. "That's where he went, Mr. Bladen."

"Huh?"

"If you killed somebody in here without having planned it, and it was vital nobody saw the corpse, where's the best place for it? It was a couple of months back, remember, before they'd started crushing. You open the window, tip the body out, then go down to the yard and hide it in the oldest auto-wreck you can find. A bullet through the back of the skull killed him."

"All this time," he whispered, "Paul's been lying down there."

"There was the big roll—the hundred and fifty grand. Anything else missing? Any money in small sums before that night?" I prodded.

"A couple of thousand disappeared the same night but after a hundred and fifty G's had gone too, who'd notice it?"

"You have a very special occupational hazard in your line of business, Mr. Bladen," I said evenly. "The executive potential is almost sure to be picking your pocket at the same time it's helping you run the business. I think this was the same thing. The up-and-coming executive material was sneaking back nights, helping himself to the loose change, and maybe finagling the books so it wasn't noticed. I think Paul Travers got wise, but he couldn't mention it to you because the guy concerned was your right-arm. He had to catch him with his hand in the cash register, and he needed a witness.

"He told everybody he was taking Diana Arist out for a night on the town, but they came here instead and waited hidden someplace until Johnny Crystal came in and got to work. Who can tell how it happened? Maybe Johnny panicked—or he figured it out in cold blood. Either way he killed Travers.

"There was another factor involved. He'd made a big play for Margie Travers. Johnny is a real worker—he not only made her, he made her spy on her husband, too. One of the things she gave him was the combination to this wall safe."

"The dirty, lousy—" Bladen started slowly.

"Hold it!" I snarled at him. "Imagine it! Johnny just killed Travers—the girl is probably hysterical—what the hell can he do? He looks out the window and there's a miracle at his feet. Then what better explanation for Travers' disappearance than that he took off with the girl and all the dough he could lay his hands on? And Johnny has the combination! When he opened the safe and saw the hundred and fifty G's under his hand—jackpot!

"My guess is he gave the girl all the money and told her to beat it—hole up somewhere safe, then call him in a couple of days. So she took off into the night, while he started getting rid of the body. But afterwards one little detail went wrong—the girl never did call him, and he never saw the money again."

"First Johnny had the dough, then he gave it to the dame," Bladen rasped. "Then she got herself murdered. So where did it go from there?"

"Diana Arist had an uncle, James. I

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think Diana went straight to him and he figured out the sanitarium idea as a hide-out, said he'd look after the money until it was safe for her to come out. He had her drop in on Nina Ross, say she had to leave town, and also borrow a couple of suitcases."

"Yeah!" Bladen said impatiently.

"THE suitcases are important!" I said. "I figure the uncle has them hidden somewhere around his cabin, and between the two suitcases the money's distributed. Now: I want this Arist real bad, Mr. Bladen. The one chance I've got of proving he murdered his own niece, is to find the money in his possession. I can get a search warrant right away, but if I don't find the money then, the odds are I've missed my only chance."

"So what did you have in mind?"

"Let us be real clear on this point, Mr. Bladen," I said slowly. "I want Johnny Crystal alive because he belongs to the law, not you. Okay?"

"Okay, Lieutenant. I guess this is what you'd call special circumstances."

"I also want the money—as evidence," I said. "But you told me before that wouldn't worry you?"

"We get it back after the trial. What else?"

"Arist has another guy with him tonight," I said. "He's another weirdo. I'd suggest you take with you both your muscle characters—Harry and Ed—and Johnny Crystal."

Bladen stared at me with that worried look.

"Here's why we need Johnny. If I put the pressure on Johnny about booking him for Travers' murder, how do you figure he'll feel about Arist having cheated him and the girl out of the money?"

"I'll bring Johnny," Bladen said flatly. "What will you do?"

"I'll meet you at the crossroad before you come to Arist's place," I said.

I left the car back on the opposite side of the cross-street, and Polnik and I hurried to the gleaming black sedan waiting for us. Bladen got out of the car, followed by Johnny Crystal, then the two mountainous muscles, Harry and Ed.

"I guess you know everybody, Lieutenant," Bladen said.

"He knows me okay!" Johnny muttered hoarsely. "I'm saving something special for the lieutenant! I—"

"I told you before we got here, Johnny," Bladen interrupted in a menacing voice. "For the last time—keep your mouth shut and do as you're told."

"I was about to suggest that my sergeant, Harry, and Ed come in from the back of the cabin," I said to Bladen. "You, me, and Johnny go in from the front. That means we'll reach the cellar first."

"That sounds fine," he said.

There was a light showing from the living room window of the cabin when we arrived, but no sign of life at all. The muscles and Polnik disappeared around back of the house, while Bladen, Crystal, and I closed in on the front.

Crystal thrust himself in front of us. "That Arist don't scare me any!" He pulled a gun from his shoulder harness.

The front door was locked and Johnny put a couple of slugs into the lock before I could stop him. Then he kicked it in, and we crowded into the cabin behind him. The living room was deserted; Johnny led the way to the cellar door. That wasn't locked. He was about to open it, then he hesitated and looked back at Bladen.

"If they're waiting for us down there, the first guy on the steps is going to be a clay pigeon, Dana!" Now there was a shrill note of fear.

"So?" Bladen said flatly.

"So let the cop do it!" Johnny said shrilly.

Before anybody could answer a blood-curdling scream of agony welled up from the cellar.

Johnny turned away from the door and pushed past me back toward the living room. I heard the sharp slap in back of me, Bladen's contemptuous voice telling him to turn right around again, then I had the door open. There was enough light in the cellar to see the floor at the bottom of the wooden stairs. I pulled my .38, crouched down for a moment, then leaped outward from the top step.

It wasn't much more than ten feet from top to bottom, But I landed badly, lost my balance and rolled another six feet. Where I'd landed, the floor suddenly hissed and boiled, while clouds of white pungent vapor rose from it. I came up onto my knees and saw the grotesque monster—with the head of an ebony witch and the body of a white woman—about to pitch more of the acid from the urn-shaped jug in her hands straight over me. I lifted my gun and aimed at her thigh, but before I could pull the trigger there was a frantic scream from the wooden staircase.

"Lieutenant!" Crystal screamed. Don't shoot, it's—"

The masked woman reacted instinctively at the sound of his voice, pivoted quickly, and threw the remaining contents of the jug straight into his face. His whole head and shoulders seemed to dissolve into a hissing inferno of white vapor, while his lungs were torn apart by dreadful, animal-like screams of pain. From directly in back of him, Bladen put a bullet into the masked woman—aimed at her shoulder, I figured, but the light was lousy, and blood spurted suddenly from between her breasts. The jug dropped from her hands as she went down on all fours, her fingers scrabbling uselessly at the cellar floor for a couple of seconds before she died. A split second after he'd shot the woman, Bladen put a bullet into the back of Johnny Crystal's head as an act of mercy.

It all happened so fast, it could've only been five seconds after I jumped down the steps that I got my first look at the far end of the cellar—the naked body of another woman was strained backward across the black altar, her hands and feet heavily lashed so she couldn't move. Beside her knelt a man with the head of a ram, silver cup held carefully in both hands. Above her towered a satyr in long black robes, with eyes like molten fire glittering behind the mask. His right hand was raised over the woman's belly and held a long, glittering knife.

I started toward the altar, walking at a normal pace. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Bladen a couple of paces in back of me, keeping me company on the other side of the cellar. A great clattering sound on the stairs announced the arrival of Polnik and the Muscles.

"Drop the knife, Mr. Arist," I said.

"I can either drop it, or plunge it straight into her belly!" he said exultantly.

"You have no chance at all," I said evenly. "So drop the knife!"

"If you kill me," he said carelessly. "My kneeling brother has more of the acid in the chalice, and he will empty it across her breast."

For a moment it was like I'd heard it all before, then I remembered I had. Arist had described in detail the satanic masses attended by Madame de Montespan in Paris. The chalice was to catch the blood!

"I think your friend is holding an empty chalice ready to match the blood of the sacrifice, Arist," I said evenly.

"I do not understand!" I heard the sudden fear in his voice.

"Your niece, Diana," I said. "You told her to walk out of the sanitarium, then you picked her up in your car and brought her back here. She was a terrible problem, Arist, because as soon as she saw Johnny Crystal she'd tell him she'd left the money with you that night. Then you'd have to give it back to him, and you wouldn't have your hundred and fifty thousand dollars any more!"

"It makes no sense!" he snarled.

"So you kept her chained down here for a whole week until you had it worked out," I snarled. "The autopsy showed the knife in her chest made the second wound she received—the first had punctured the main vein to the heart yet there was hardly a trace of blood on her body. That was how you killed her, Arist. Tied her to the altar with your friend holding the chalice ready to receive her blood.

"I'M GOING to give you three seconds to drop the knife. If you haven't dropped it by then, I'll kill you, Arist! And if your kneeling friend even twitches while I'm doing it, Mr. Bladen will do the same for him!"

"No problem," Bladen rasped.

"One!" I said.

Arist stiffened slightly.

"Two!"

"No!" he yelled exultantly. "The satanic hosts will protect me! The sacrifice must be made! I—"

The sound of the shot dinned against the walls of the cellar deafeningly. Arist stood unmoving, a third eye weeping blood steadily down the satyr's face, while the living fire drained rapidly from the other two. Then he suddenly toppled sideways and crashed onto the floor.

"Cheez! Lieutenant!" Polnik's voice said cheerfully from someplace in back of me. "I guess my finger slipped on the trigger, huh?"

Bladen closed in on the kneeling ram, dragged him onto his feet, then tore off the mask. Underneath was the white face

Continued on Page 48

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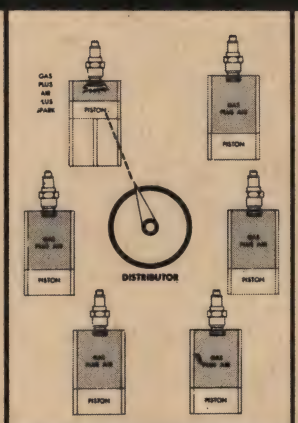

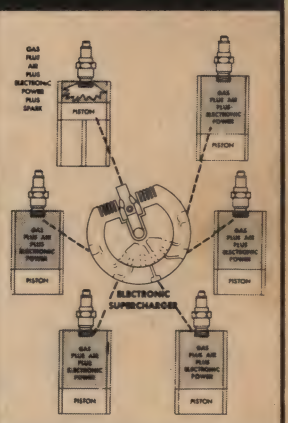

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MEN

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I kneeled down and opened up the suitcase filled with money.

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of a 20-year-old, with a permanent tic in his right eye that throbbed wildly.

I bent down over the altar to untie the woman's wrists and the dark eyes were suddenly enormous.

"Al Wheeler," Nina Ross said in a faint voice, "don't you dare let this ever happen to me again!" Then she passed out.

On my way out of the cellar I removed the ebony witch mask and took a last look at the still features of Margie Travers' face. Bladen came up beside me. "She sure took care of Johnny Crystal for you, Lieutenant!"

"She turned instinctively at the sound of his voice and then it was too late."

He laughed shortly. "She waited until you were clear before she tossed the first load onto the floor—she could have put the whole jugful over you when you were off balance but she didn't. But once she heard Johnny's voice she couldn't throw it quick enough—right into his face!"

"Yeah?" I said vaguely. "Well—I'm glad you put that bullet into him. It was kindness!"

An hour later Nina had been taken off in an amulance; the bodies had been cleared from the cellar, and I had just finished explaining what happened here to Sheriff Lavers.

Bladen reappeared beside me. "That sergeant of yours," he rasped. "Killing Arist cost me a hundred and fifty grand!"

"There's still a good chance we'll find it," I said hopefully as he walked away. Then he stopped and pointed disgustedly at the somber portrait above the fireplace. "They should kill the guy who painted that!"

"That's Madame de Montespan. She was Arist's dreamgirl. You know, a couple of times I was here talking to him, I glanced at the painting, and it seemed to give him a big boot that I even looked at it—" I took a sudden deep breath and walked over to the fireplace, then went down onto my hands and knees and crawled into it. The two suitcases were standing neatly together on a ledge, directly in back of Madame de Montespan's portrait.

I brought them out with me, put the nearest one flat on the floor and opened it up. More money than I'd ever seen at one time leaped upward as I raised the lid.

Bladen's eyes popped as he stared down.

"Diana Arist *said* her uncle was the laziest man in the whole world," I said "He planned and murdered to get the money, and after he'd gotten it, all he ever did was store it in back of the fireplace."

"Well," Bladen said, "what would you do with some of it?"

I thought that over for five seconds, then told him, "Buy a case of bathing suits, female type, and spend the next few months putting them on a certain brunette named Nina Ross."

Bladen dipped into his pocket, came up with a fist full of bills, and stuck them in my hand. "Have a wild time, Lieutenant," he grinned. "That's the first normal thing I've heard in six months."

Normal or not, Nina and I really lived it up—on—Bladen's money. After that, it was on the house! END

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HOW YOU PAY FOR STRIKES

Continued from Page 21

This property right involves the right to support his family, feed his children and keep starvation away from his door." And he refused to budge, police or no police.

To his support came Lewis. "One of the most heroic battles that has ever been undertaken in an industrial dispute," he said over national radio.

Then, just as Martin had figured, violence broke out.

In an effort to outsmart the sit-ins, company officials ordered the heat turned off within the plant. It was February in Michigan. The chill would knock the stubbornness out of them. Hours passed. No one budged. And night fell over Flint with a brutally cold cloak.

On the following day the police rushed the Flint plant. They were met at the halfway point with a barrage of flying coffee cups, iron bolts, pop bottles and heavy automobile doors hinges. Now the half-dozen strikers were warming up.

The police regrouped and sent for a new weapon—tear gas. This time the strikers countered with a new weapon—high pressure water hoses. Again the police beat a hasty retreat.

The police, obviously, were not able to cope with the situation. The company demanded that the state militia be summonded to clear the plants, but Michigan's Governor Murphy refused. Not only was he sympathetic with the auto workers but he knew that the use of troops could only result in serious bloodshed.

Finally General Motors went to the courts and obtained an injunction that set 3 P.M. on the following day, February 3rd, as the legal deadline for the evacuation of the plant. If not heeded, the men would then be subject to imprisonment and fines.

Governor Murphy was now genuinely frightened about the prospects in view. He hurriedly called a peace conference in Detroit. Martin and Lewis both responded and met with company officials, but after a few hours it was obvious that no settlement would be reached.

Meanwhile the sit-ins barricaded themselves and got ready for a fight. They were armed with tons of nuts and bolts, door hinges, and fire hoses.

Zero hour came. The Governor refused to order the National Guard to enforce the court order. The risk of violence was too great. President Roosevelt stepped in and asked both sides to negotiate around the clock until a settlement could be reached.

The two sides went to the conference table and a full week later the weary Governor of Michigan announced agreement. The UAW had won its right to represent its members.

This wasn't labor's first victory in America, nor was it the last. It was not the first to spill blood. Nor, sadly, was it the last. The labor movement was, however, learning to flex its muscles, and the muscles have continued to develop.

Organized strikes in America (the only kind that can be in any way effective) date back to the earliest foundations of our nation. There have been periods during labor's struggle for recognition when they have reached spectacular proportions. But never in history have they so consistenly dominated the headlines of the nation's press or the imagination of the public as they have in recent years.

Back before the turn of the century, America's labor market was glutted with immigrants who would work for almost nothing and be grateful merely to have a job. These people—simple, unskilled laborers for the most part—fell prey to countless unscrupulous employers who fought tooth and nail all efforts to organize the laboring groups. The bargaining power of these unskilled masses was so low that fear of losing their jobs was a powerful weapon in the collective hand of management.

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But, as the twentieth century bloomed, the unions began to grow. The immigrant of the 1880's and the 1890's was beginning to feel secure in his new homeland. He began seeking a better way of life. The laborers began banding together and occasionally labor struck in order to gain points in collective bargaining. For additional strength, the unions themselves banded together in the American Federation of Labor. Labor was gradually making strides. Then, suddenly, America was at war. In 1917, seventy-nine international unions pledged to fully support the United States and to avoid striking at all costs. The pledge, however, was not to be kept.

The cost of war took its toll. Prices skyrocketed while salaries of the working men continued without increase. Finally, when efforts to seek higher wages failed, the first union called a strike.

THE Bolshevik Revolution in Russia, meanwhile, was sending a new wave of fear shuddering through the American people. The heavy growth of strikes and the Communists must be connected, it was thought. In spite of the fact that labor leader after labor leader screamed "no, we're only trying to meet the cost of living", the word "strike" rapidly became synonymous with the word "communist".

Then, in September of 1919, in the stately old city of Boston, Massachusetts, discontent began brewing.

The discontent was among the members of the Boston police department. The policemen wanted more money and fewer hours. They wanted their quasi-military operation to be run on a less stringent basis.

They formed a union, called it "The Boston Social Club" and applied to the American Federation of Labor for a charter. Police Commissioner George Curtis immediately announced that it was illegal for any police officer to join a union, and suspended nineteen of the union leaders.

The policemen were not to be bluffed if that was what Curtis was doing. On September 9th they struck suddenly. Hardly a cop reported for work throughout the city. The city of Boston was left unguarded and a sense of creeping panic came over the residents of the city.

Mobs of young hoodlums began running through the streets, delirious in the knowledge that the man they feared most—the cop—was not to be seen. Rowdiness was rampant but there was no general wave of lawlessness. Curtis plea for volunteers was answered, and within hours the streets were being patrolled by armed citizens intent on preserving the peace. These, in turn, were supported by state and national guardsmen rushed to Boston.

The police, meanwhile, appealed to the general public for support in their fight for their union, but here is where they had their greatest disappointment. The public turned against them—even those who sympathized with their needs and demands. This had been desertion.

Calvin Coolidge, then Governor of Massachusetts, received a plea from A.F. of L. President Samuel Gompers to remove Commissioner Curtis from his position in order to settle the dispute and allow the men to go back to work. Coolidge replied in a telegram to the labor leader:

"There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, anytime."

Coolidge's answer was cheered by the public, and not one policeman who struck on that ninth of September was reinstated. Labor had lost a major battle.

While labor was trying its new but unskilled muscles in Boston, it was also busy in America's steel mills. The attempts to organize steel workers had started almost a year earlier with twenty-four unions splitting up the jurisdiction of the various steel workers. One of the guiding spirits of the movement was William Z. Foster who later became infamous as a leading Communist. Nevertheless, Foster had an outstanding organizational skill, and within one year, had unionized more than 100,000 steel workers. Attempts to negotiate with Big Steel, however, fell on deaf ears. Said Chairman Gary of U.S. Steel: "We decline to discuss business with them." The breaking point came, as it did in Boston, in September of 1919. 350,000 steel workers in nine states walked off their jobs.

Big Steel was not going to give in easily. Within the next three months more than twenty men died in the labor battle. The mills hired strikebreakers to work the mills. These men—mostly Negroes—were not steelworkers but professional thugs whose main purpose—in fact, whose sole purpose—was to break heads whenever they could in an effort to beat sense into the strikers. On top of this, deputized guards and police smashed picket lines when they were formed and raided labor meetings. Labor spies were placed by management inside the unions to stir up animosity and racial antagonism among the various nationality groups in the mills.

The strikers had nothing on their side, not even public sympathy. Foster's views were too left-wing; the idea of Communist plotting had taken root in the minds of most of the public; the fact that so many steelworkers were "hunkies, dagos and wops" was considered by many "evidence" that the entire strike was foreign controlled and un-American.

TO add the straw that was to break the camel's back, the A.F. of L. repudiated the leadership of Foster. With their leader gone, the strikers became thoroughly disillusioned. They sought some kind of settlement from management but the employers, now tasting total victory, refused to listen to their proposals. Little by little the men started drifting back to work under the original conditions: twelve-hour day, six days a week, poor mill conditions and low wages. In January of 1920, the leaders of the strike surrendered, and the official strike was over.

And then the Twenties arrived. With a history of defeat, the labor movement was stunted in its growth and existed in almost

Continued on Page 52

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47892 x 39421 = ?

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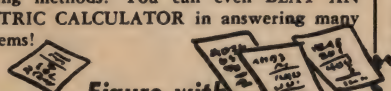

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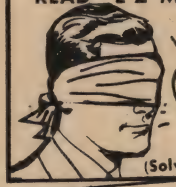

Blindfold yourself and have someone call the following numbers to you as you add them:

739
463
906
785
642

(Solve in 6 seconds) ?

$\frac{9864372}{8146}$ = ? (Solve in 9 seconds)

$\frac{4}{7} \times \frac{9}{4}$ = ? (Solve in 4 seconds)

1¾% interest per month amounts to what percentage yearly? (Solve in 4 seconds)

367 X 75 = ? (Solve in 3 seconds)

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Continued from Page 50

sullen silence until the great depression had reached its end, and the New Deal of Franklin Delano Roosevelt had taken root. Perhaps it was time to try again.

The first big try after the start of the New Deal took place in 1934. In an effort to secure recognition of the United Textile Workers Union, mill employees in twenty states walked off the job. At the end of a month no less than half a million textile workers were on strike. The largest single labor strike in history to that time had been effected by the use of "flying squadrons"—teams of organizers who drove rapidly from one town to another to call out the workers and set up picket lines.

UNABLE to cope with the situation as the mass of workers milled sullenly around their factories, local police departments were forced to call for help from the state militia, and eleven thousand national guardsmen were needed to restore some semblance of order in the states affected. Finally, in September, President Roosevelt intervened in the dispute, set up the Textile Labor Relations Board and the strike was called off. However, the strike had accomplished its purpose. Labor had tasted victory on a large scale.

For some time the Congress of Industrial Organizations, a more militant group which had long since splintered from the conservative A.F. of L., had been trying to unionize steel workers. Average annual wages among the steel men were as low as $560 as compared with the minimum $1500 standard of living budget. While the Iron and Steel Institute shouted "communism", the leaders of the CIO—Lewis, Philip Murray, Sidney Hillman and David Dubinsky—went to work and formed what they called the Steel Workers Organizing Committee.

Steel companies took full page advertisements in newspapers saying the company's own employee representation plans fully met the needs of the workers and that the CIO was trying to coerce men into joining the union.

But the poetic John L. Lewis countered by taking to the radio. His eloquence and forceful speeches so influenced the men and the public that within a few months Industry was on the defensive. Thousands of workers flocked to join the new unions; former so-called "company unions" became locals of new unions and, by the end of 1936, no less than 150 unions had been established by SWOC with a total membership of more than 100,000 men.

Industry realized its position and within a few more months—as a result of secret negotiations between Lewis and Myron Taylor, Chairman of the Board of U.S. Steel—SWOC was recognized as the official bargaining agent for its members, and a 10% wage increase was declared for steel workers.

As labor drank deeply of success it became thirstier and thirstier. Strike after strike hit the nation's industries during the late '30's. By 1941 the number of labor disputes hit a high. More than 4,200 strikes were called that year.

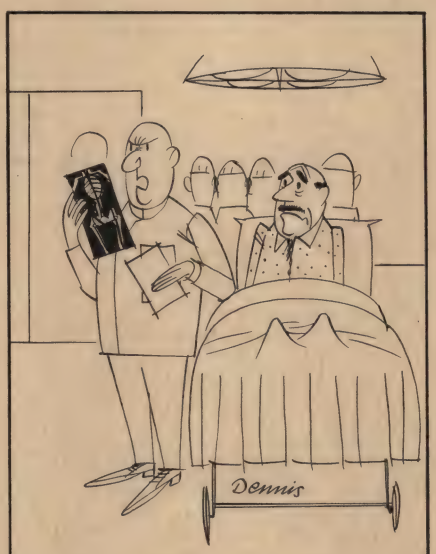
Then, at the outbreak of World War II, John L. Lewis again took to the air.

"When the nation is attacked, every American must rally to its defense. All other considerations become insignificant. . ."

During the war, production was at an all-time high. Overtime was the routine and pay envelopes bulged with time-and-a-half money. But when the war between freedom and Fascism ended, the war between labor and industry was renewed.

The working man had the jitters. He had been returned to the forty-hour week, if he hadn't been laid off completely. This meant his take-home pay was less. On top of it all, the cost of living was skyrocketing.

By the time the peace was one year old, more people were on strike than ever before in history. One after another strikes hit oil, automobiles, steel, electrical equipment, farm machinery, coal and railroads. Emotions were violently aroused.



"There's nothing wrong with you. Why are you here, Miss?"

One man again captured the imagination of the public. This time it was a young, serious-minded, conservatively-dressed auto worker named Walter Reuther.

Although R. J. Thomas was president of Reuther's union, the UAW, at the time, it was Reuther who led the most massive of the postwar strikes. Some 200,000 workers in General Motors plants in a dozen states followed his leadership and the name of Walter Reuther roared from the headlines of America's press.

"The kind of labor movement we want," said Reuther, "is not committed to a nickel-in-the-pay-envelope philosophy. We are building a labor movement, not to patch up the old world so men can starve less often and less frequently, but a labor movement that will remake the world so that the working people will get the benefit of their labor."

That, in a nutshell, has been the aim of labor since the war. The abuses of a generation ago have fallen to dust. The working man no longer struggles in his own sweat for enough money to keep his family alive. He now owns a car, eats well, enjoys an evening out now and again, educates his children and carries insurance. But in his present situation (or in spite of it) there are many who feel that the things he learned in the desperate and bloody '30's have not easily been forgotten. Never before have the headlines talked so continually of strikes in every quarter. Never before has the weapon of "no contract—no work" been so mighty.

One thing appears certain. Violence and death, once sisters to any labor dispute, are no more. No longer do men maul and maim in the name of freedom to work. And in this respect, at least, America has come a long way.

Other men will take the places of John L. Lewis, David Dubinsky, William Sylvis, Samuel Gompers, William Green, Philip Murray and Walter Reuther. But they will not have to scratch and claw their way to leadership.

But a burning question remains: Has our sophistication gone too far? Too far for the sake of America? It would seem that neither side—management nor labor—is ready to take the other seriously until a strike has been called and thousands or millions of dollars are pouring down the proverbial drain. Has the "mutual respect" each has learned to give the other become awe? Must the public sit and wait for the pressure to be turned on before serious collective bargaining begins? And then pick up the bill? Have we learned nothing from the lessons our own history has taught?

The New York newspaper strike alone was expensive beyond belief. Twenty thousand people were thrown out of work; countless thousands of others from blind newsdealers to restaurant owners to hotelmen to actors were financially affected. Even wastepaper dealers were forced to shut down their small businesses and about 10,000,000 people were left without their chief means of communication.

What about us? What about you and me? Have we been taken into consideration in these disputes, or are we being taken in?

"Teachers' strike" scream the headlines—What about our children's future?

"MILK strike"—what about our children's health?

"Shipping strike"—what about the lifeline of our nation?

"Farm strike"—what about our food supply?

"Missile strike"—what about our nation's defense?

This is not an attempt to pin the blame on anyone or any side. This is an attempt to spread it around. Both sides are responsible and, what's more important, the public is responsible for the situation. It should be crystal clear that unless labor disputes are settled more quickly and far more often without the reliable old standby of work stoppages, America, and all of us, workers and employers alike, might very well . . . strike out. END

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WHY AMERICANS FEAR THEIR WIVES

Continued from Page 24

direct—and pathetic—way. He's a flop in bed with his wife. Unable to muster enough sexual energy to make love, his fear of her shows up as impotence.

Significantly, impotence has become one of the major problems affecting American marriages. According to Dr. O. Spurgeon English of Temple University Medical School, "Conservative estimates report that less than half of all marriages show sexual compatibility. Less conservative ones indicate that not one marriage in ten has a completely satisfactory sexual relationship."

This entire state of affairs has prompted a series of intensive studies into what is being called the "womanization of America." One research group recently polled several hundred male workers in a Midwestern factory. Asked to give their opinions about the problem, an overwhelming number of the workers said, in essence, "It's the women's fault. They're trying to take over. They should never have gotten the vote."

Those men would probably never seriously be in favor of disenfranchising the females of the nation. Nor does any competent authority advocate such a thing. Nevertheless it is true that the switch of the American woman from a kind of second-class citizen to an "equal partner" affects every single male in the United States.

The situation has become blurred, confused. For instance, statistics published in April 1963 show that one third of all U.S. wives hold down a job. That's one hell of a lot of wives working. Many earn more than their husbands.

The well-known raconteur and writer, Alexander King, sums it up this way: "The man is no longer willing or ready to accept complete responsibility for the family as he did in my father's and grandfather's days—father was the boss in our house and there wasn't any argument about it . . . . Now, with the liberation of the woman from housework and chores, and with her getting the vote and feeling her new freedom, an uneasy period has set in, in which neither of the two knows quite what to do. And the man, sheepishly and very foolishly, I think, has in some ways resigned his prerogatives, and by default woman has taken over."

Al C., currently under psychiatric treatment, was a man like that. A rugged kind of guy with huge shoulders and a barrel chest, Al is strikingly masculine in looks. What adds to the illusion of virility is that he has what is definitely a man's job—driving a five-ton truck. And to complete the picture, he acted—until recently—in a fairly hot-shot fashion.

At home, however, Al was transformed into remarkably different person. Master of a five-ton truck, he was nonetheless afraid of Kitty, his pint-sized wife. On her own for a couple of years before marrying Al, she was independent and strong-willed. Just before they married she said, "Al, don't ever try to steamroller me"—and he never did.

On the contrary, he went the other way. Kiddingly, he often told his pales, "I make all the big decisions—like what to do about Cuba and Berlin. My wife only gets to take care of the little things—like where we're going Saturday night."

Unfortunately, this was no joke. When debts piled high and Kitty wanted him to do something about their budget, Al told her, "You do it." So he turned over his paycheck to her every week, getting back a few bucks as an allowance.

A man like Al is what the psychologists call "passive." He's afraid to take the initiative. His looks and his job and his jokes merely convey what Dr. Frank S. Caprio calls a "pseudo-masculinity."

Proof of Al's phoniness was found in the way he conducted his sex life with Kitty. In actual fact, he didn't conduct it. She was the one who took the initiative, *she* led *him* to bed whenever the mood struck her. Not only that, she also dictated the style of their shared sexual relations.

What's wrong with a relationship like that, if both partners agree to it? Plenty, according to the psychiatrists and psychiatric social workers, who have seen innumerable marriages go on the rocks because of this reversal of roles. Says one of the world's most famous psychiatrists, Dr. Theodor Reik, "Nothing is more dangerous to a man's satisfactory emotional and sexual relationship to a woman than fear of her. Being frightened of her can bring him to desperate and violent reaction more destructive than hate."

MRS. Judith Lieb of New York City's Family Institute tells of the woman's side: "Unconsciously, the wife resents having to take the initiative. Her resentment inevitably shows up in a number of ways."

For Kitty, those ways were the ones of constant backaches, headaches, chest pains—and nagging the hell out of Al.

And Al? After a number of years of marriage he too could no longer tolerate their topsy-turvy kind of relationship—at least on an unconscious level. Thus, he began to suffer from a form of impotence known as premature ejaculation. While this disturbance permits the male to become aroused, it gives him no self-control during the sex act.

As Al's condition worsened. Kitty talked him into seeing his personal physician. The doctor suggested a psychiatrist—with the result that both Al and Kitty are now receiving psychotherapy. Al is already learning to grow more self-assertive and his sexual disturbance is now lessened.

There are hundreds of thousands of couples like Al and Kitty. Their number keeps growing every year. Yet what some sociologists call the "liberation of women" is only one of the factors contributing to this unhappy situation. When a husband fears his wife, when he allows her to become aggressive and demanding, when he stands by meekly while she takes over—the source of his weakness may reach back to childhood days.

SPECIFICALLY, at the end of that road back there may be his mother. Some 25 years ago the fiercely polemical writer Philip Wylie coined the word "momism" to describe the domineering, possessive kind of mother who rules her husband and smothers her son.

Dr. Nathan Ackerman describes the domineering-possessive mother as a "man-eating shark with razor-sharp teeth." Regardless of how charming or feminine she may be on the surface, she really hates men. She fears and hates their virility, their natural "masculine aggression."

This awesome Mom has a few tricks up her sleeve. She takes over, manages things, systematically removes the reins of responsibility from her husband's hands and places them into her own. The man abdicates; the woman usurps his position.

That's all very tough on him. Unfortunately, it has an even more profound—and destructive—effect on the son.

Normally, a boy grows up identifying with the male figure in the home—his father. He tells himself, "Pop is my idea of a man. I want to be just like him." But what does a kid do when he sees Pop as the weakling and his mother as the pillar of strength? He gives in to an unnatural situation. He identifies with his mother.

How? He shies away from asserting his own budding masculinity. He figures out ways of pleasing Mom. Maybe takes great pains with his clothes, always dressing extra neatly and cleanly, never daring to get messed up like the other kids. Maybe studies hard and always makes sure to get the best grades in class. Yes, sissy is the word for him.

Now, a mother like this is hardly original with 20th-century America. Her kind has been around a long time. But only in the past quarter-century has her role become so overpowering. Why?

It revolves around the things that have been happening to the family. What you have these days, generally speaking, is a very narrow family unit. It consists of parents and their offspring—period. And this narrow family unit most likely lives by itself in some suburb.

In times gone by, things were different. The family unit was bigger, broader, had much more of a masculine base to it. There were uncles, male cousins and grandfathers around. All these provided more male figures for the growing boy to identify with. Therefore, even if his own

Continued on Page 56

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Corvette	Lincoln	Rambler American
Dart	Mercury	Studebaker
De Soto	Mercury Meteor	Thunderbird
Dodge		Valiant
Dodge Polara		

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father revealed failings, he could still look to man-type elsewhere in the family. He can't do that today. He's isolated. If Pop is meek and withdrawn the kid has had it.

What happens is that squashing his masculinity turns into a habit with this growing male. Afraid of his mother he becomes—by extension—afraid of *all* women. Naturally, that includes his wife. Especially his wife, for the truth of the matter is that a peculiar quirk of nature takes place: this mama-dominated male will invariably pick out a mate who either looks like Mom and acts like her, or doesn't look like Mom at all but underneath has the same general psychological characteristics. He duplicates with his wife the experience he's had with his mother—from man-eating woman to man-eating woman. From fear of mother to fear of wife.

As a matter of fact, plenty of husbands who fear their wives deliberately consort with prostitutes.

Arthur L., for instance, was one of the many men married to a woman resembling his mother—strong, aggressive, the dominating influence in the household. During the early part of their marriage he engaged in sexual relations with his wife only sporadically. When she bore him a couple of children he ceased making love to her entirely. Though she was an attractive woman who compelled other mens' interest, Arthur found himself completely unresponsive to her charms.

What happened to cool him off? The answer lay rooted in the fact that he saw his mother in her—the overpowering force from his childhood, still crushing his masculinity. The unconscious fear he felt was only reinforced when his wife became a mother in her own right.

But though Arthur had potency problems with the woman he married, he nevertheless had a sex urge that needed to express itself. He found release by visiting a house of prostitution several times a month. Arthur never had sexual difficulties with the women he paid to sleep with.

"Magic mirror on the wall—who's the fairest of them all?"

The trouble is, however, that such men cannot really resolve their fears by consorting with prostitutes. After spending a few hours in the brothel they must still return home, still face their wives.

Observes Dr. Karl Menninger in his book *Love Against Hate,* "Much as men may fear and hate one another, they feel safer with each other than with women." He warns that sooner or later the destructive impulses created by the man who runs from his wife will lead to hate that "explodes in the form of a fight with someone, and fights turn into wars."

Occasionally the destructive impulses within the mother-dominated male may erupt into murder. This is what happened a couple of years ago to a Midwesterner named Clyde P.

As court-appointed psychiatrists subsequently reconstructed his life history, Clyde's father died when he was still an infant and he was brought up by his widowed mother. She was a shrewish, demanding kind of woman who did her best to keep her son tied to her. She told him what to wear, how to cut his hair, what kind of friends to have.

When he started going out with girls, her reaction was predictable. She didn't like any of them, always found an excuse to run them down.

One time, when he was 19 years old, Clyde fancied himself in love with a slim, long-legged blonde he met through a buddy. For several months he resisted his mother's attacks on her. But finally the widow managed to break up this romance, too.

When Clyde was 21, his mother developed cancer and died soon after. For the first time in the young man's life he was alone, managing his own life. But not for long. He met Ellen, a woman eight years his senior, equipped with a forceful personality and a high degree of competence. Ellen was a successful buyer of housewares in a large department store. She knew how to operate in a man's world, having grown up in a family that included four brothers and a father who wanted her to be a boy, too.

In response to her own needs for a weak man, Ellen became highly attracted to Clyde. In fact, she seduced him on their second date. Thereupon she led him into an affair that lasted until she imagined—or pretended to imagine—herself pregnant. Clyde married her at once.

Ellen took him in hand the way his mother had. She was even more jealous and possessive, and ruled Clyde with an iron tongue. For two years he remained tied to his wife's apron strings. One night, however, something snapped in him. Awakening after what he later described as a "ghastly dream, a nightmare," he crawled out of bed, tiptoed into the kitchen, got a bread knife. Then he made his way stealthily back into the bedroom and stabbed his wife twelve times in the chest. Finally, he packed a small canvas bag with a change of clothing and fled.

For two days Clyde wandered aimlessly. Then he walked into a police station and gave himself up. Eventually, he was convicted of first-degree murder and sentenced to die in the electric chair. That sentence was later commuted to life imprisonment. The psychiatric report on Clyde made the revealing observation that in his unconscious mind his wife had become a substitute for the mother he really hated—when he slew his wife he was in effect killing the mother who had crushed his ego.

Clyde's case is an extreme one, of course. Yet there is one element in it that applies to all weak or insecure men who marry very "strong" women: such marriages are no accident. The neurotic tendencies of the one individual feed the neurotic needs of the other. Thus, the husband who fears his wife cannot be isolated and held solely responsible for his weaknesses. The wife's need to dominate him, her wish to take over, her open acceptance of his lack of masculinity —these, too, must be taken into consideration. For this reason, Dr. Ackerman is in the forefront of a growing number of psychiatrists who feel that in any given case the entire family should receive psychotherapy, not just the single patient.

The stability and emotional health of the contemporary family are going downhill. Day by day, the women grow less feminine, the men less masculine. Neither sex is happy or fulfilled. How to salvage the integrity of family life—that is the question.

Is there any real hope for the man who fears his wife? Is there some way he can come to grips with his problem and establish a more healthy relationship in which he takes the manly role? Mrs. Judith Lieb of the Family Institute answers with an unqualified *yes.* She suggests the following steps:

1. Don't be ashamed to admit you have fears. Acknowledging them is an important first step in conquering them.

2. Understand that you don't live in a vacuum. Without realizing it, you and your wife may be creating a vicious circle by feeding each other's neurotic tendencies.

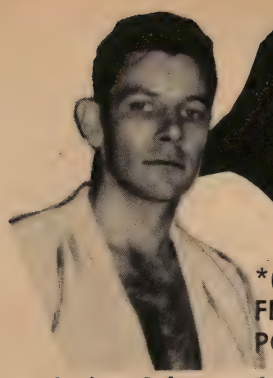
3. Talk over your problems with your wife. You can make no changes in your relationship without her cooperation—and she obviously can't cooperate if she doesn't really know what's wrong.

4. Don't try to "guess" your wife's feelings about things. Your guess may be simply what you *want* her to feel, rather than what she really does feel.

5. Don't try to make your wife less aggressive—the trick is to assert greater masculinity.

6. If you find that you and your wife can't work things out by yourselves, don't be afraid to seek outside help. Your family doctor may have a few suggestions. Almost every community has a mental health clinic or a family service agency where patients receive counseling at little or no cost. A number of hospitals throughout the U.S. have their own clinics. Write to the Department of Health in your state capital or to your local Community Council to find out the location of a clinic or agency near you.

Remember, you have to live with your wife, *not* your fear of her. END



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SHOWDOWN

Continued from Page 27

play it hard. Only I think you ought to get friendly with *some* of 'em before we ship out. You never know when—"

The polishing stopped abruptly and Mike's face grew taut as the boy balled the cloth and squeezed it in his fist. "Okay, kid," Mike said. "It's your life."

Pushing his wiry frame off the bunk, the boy flipped up the lid of his foot locker, lifted out the top compartment, and slipped the buckle between a pile of shirts and a neat row of rolled-up brown socks. Replacing the compartment, he glanced around suspiciously, then closed the lid, snapping a heavy lock into place. He avoided Mike's eyes as he hurried past.

"Real odd-ball, that Jobrack," Sgt. Vince Perini said, leaving the crap game to stand beside Mike. "Ain't got a friend in the outfit and damn well don't care."

Mike's dark eyes stared blankly at the open door. "Go easy on him, Vince. He's young and he's only been with us a few weeks. Maybe his trouble takes time gettin' rid of."

Perini nodded glumly. "Maybe so, only I seen his kind before. They get killed an' no one misses 'em." He pulled at his ear thoughtfully. "I just hope he shapes up fast. I ain't got no complaints with his soldierin', it's just that it ain't no good for nobody to have a loner up at the line. Remember, the word is that Korea's no picnic!"

The moment he left the barrack, Pvt. Phil Jobrack sucked in the sharp September air and exhaled heavily. Then he headed for the orderly room, picked up his pass and walked to the road leading to town. He stood there, waiting, a lone figure with his thumb jabbing the air.

Mike watched him through a window until a passing jeep stopped and he got in. That was the last Mike saw of him until reveille, Monday.

"Say kid," Mike said, shrugging into his fatigues, "you look like you tied on a beauty over the weekend. Blow all your pay on booze and broads?" He laughed warmly, as though they were sharing a joke.

Jobrack stared uncertainly at him. "Yeah," he finally answered. "There's worse ways of spending it."

Mike smiled to himself; this was the first time Jobrack hadn't remained silent or snapped back an angry answer. "Why don't you come over to the P.X. tonight? Have some beer with me and the guys."

His face hidden as he bent to lace a combat boot, Jobrack said, "I don't figure they're my type." His head came up. "You know, Farraday, outside of you I wouldn't give one guy in this cruddy outfit the sweat off my nose."

"Why me?"

"Because you don't treat me like some punk wet behind the ears. My old man, now. He never treated me no other way. Always tellin' me, 'Grow up. Stop hangin' around the bookie's, get a job.' He was all the time tellin' me what's wrong with me, all the time lookin' to *find* somethin' wrong." He made a sweeping gesture to take in the entire room. "Like them. They all act like I'm gonna screw things up."

"You got it all wrong, Jobrack." Mike put a hand on the boy's sleeve. "They're that way because you act like they're dirt. But you—"

Hostile, bloodshot eyes glinted at Mike in the dim light. "Can it! I don't need no lectures from you, too!" Jobrack snatched up his M-1 and strode away while Mike stared after him, stunned at the venomous outburst.

In the weeks that followed, "the Punk," as the men of Company A labeled Jobrack, refused to change. Cpl. Dan Hodges summed up the men's feeling when he said, "He's okay when it comes to soldierin', but he's a real rat."

On November 6th, 1951, orders came through assigning their division to Korea. Only Jobrack refused to show interest in speculating on how rough it would be.

THAT evening, Perini, Hodges and several of the other men approached Mike's bank. Putting aside the letter he was writing, Mike asked, "What's up?"

"We was wonderin'," Perini said, "just what the Punk did in town every weekend."

"So I found out," Cpl. Mark Simmons said, edging closer. "I asked around and a joe in C Company told me he sees the Punk Saturday nights. Goes into a little dive on Wells Street and drinks beer and whiskey till he's stoned. When he comes around, he starts all over. Doesn't stop till he's broke."

Hodges grinned maliciously. "Seein' as how this is our last weekend, we doped out somethin' for tomorrow night."

"Listen to this," Simmons cut back in. "My buddy says a pro who hangs out there gave the Punk the come-on. And you know what he did? He blushed. So help me," Simmons broke into a coarse laugh, "the little louse blushed like a school kid."

"What's wrong with that?" Mike asked. "He's only eighteen. His records say so."

Perini answered coldly, "Eighteen years of bein' a louse. He needs a lesson." He sat next to Mike. "Simmons knows a broad who just hit town. Real class, and she don't look a day over seventeen."

"That's right," Simmons said. "She says if we pick up the tab, she'll get him into her room. Perini and her talked it over and she told us what to do. After it's over she'll give us a full report on all the action."

Simmons smirked. "She'll make him say things that'll really give us somethin' to prod him with. But the best part—" he grinned broadly and slapped Mike's shoulder—"the best part is, she's gonna work him till he's hot as a two-buck pistol, then *zippp!*" he chopped the air with the side of his palm—"she stops cold."

"That's it," Hodges said drily. "When we're finished, the little bastard will think twice before he acts like a king again."

Mike shook his head at the circle of eager faces. "Count me out," he told them flatly.

"No backing out, Farraday," Perini said in an openly threatening voice. "We need you. You always talk to him, and you're about the only one who never gives him a hard time. We figure he'll fall for it if you're around."

"And what if I say no?"

No one answered but Mike saw the resentment smoldering in their eyes. "Come on, Mike", Hodges said after a long silence.

Mike studied the severe faces, then nodded. "All right. Just don't go too far."

They found Jobrack in the Wells Street bar at ten o'clock the next evening. He was half-slumped over a table, the neck of a bottle of rye cupped loosely in his right hand. Perini pushed Mike in front of him on their way to the table.

"How's it goin'?" Perini asked in a jovial tone. "Mind if we join you?"

He quickly pulled out a chair and shoved Mike into it before taking one himself. The young soldier stared balefully at them, focusing his eyes. Lifting his lips in a crooked smile, he said to Mike, "Well, well, my old bunk buddy. They send you out to look after the bad little boy? C'mon," he said thickly, almost tipping over the bottle, "have one."

He tilted back in his chair and Mike watched the dark liquid flow through the bottle's neck. It made Jobrack's prominent Adam's apple jerk up and down.

"Drink up, buddy," Perini said happily. "The next one's on us."

Sliding the bottle to the side of his mouth, Jobrack said, "That's the first good offer I heard since I been in your lousy outfit." He turned toward the bar. "Hey, Chet—"

"Not here," Perini interrupted, wrapping a fatherly arm around Jobrack's shoulders. "They've got some good stuff down the street. Not like the poison you're drinkin'."

Perini grinned smugly and helped the reeling boy to stand. As the two went out the door, Mike snatched the empty bottle from the table and had the bartender fill it with water. Then he hurried after Perini and Jobrack, stumbling down the dark street. He was still far behind when a girl stepped out of a shadowy doorway and lurched into the two soldiers.

"Oh," she sobbed. "Please help me."

Jobrack stared dully at her but Perini held him steady with one hand and said, "What's the trouble, Miss? Can we do something?"

"Yes," she whispered, grabbing Jobrack's free arm. "Im new in town . . . just got a job here last week . . . and tonight, in my new apartment . . ." She cast a furtive glance over her shoulder at the dark doorway.

"Two men just tried to . . . to stop me in the hall." The girl's blonde-streaked brown hair clung to her damp forehead and her trembling lips resembled a bloody knife wound that opened and closed as she spoke. "I'm afraid to go back up. They might be waiting."

FOR A moment, Jobrack seemed sober. He looked at the girl's smooth white skin where it creased into her green blouse. Mike, watching from several feet away, listened to Jobrack answer in an unexpectedly adult voice, "We'll help you. Won't we, Sarge?"

"Sure," Perini told him. He moved closer to the girl.

"Oh, no," she told Perini. "It would be better if I stayed here with one of you while the other," her voice slowed, meaningfully, "goes for the police."

"Well, okay," the sergeant said reluctantly. "I'll go to the station while he stays with you." He gave Jobrack a little shove. "Stick close to her, buddy. She looks like a nice kid."

He wheeled and strode purposefully down the street. As soon as he was out of sight, the girl said, "This is very kind of you."

Jobrack took a step backward. "It's nothin'," he said. Peering through the open door, he said, "I don't see nobody up there. I bet those guys beat it."

With a hopeful smile, she said, "Would you go up to my room and see if everything is all right? I left the door open and they could be waiting inside. If I went back alone . . ." Her fingers touched his arm.

"You wait here. I'll let you know if it's okay." He stepped through the doorway and his footsteps slapped sharply on the wooden treads. As the girl began to follow him, Mike hurried past her. "Hold it!" he said.

He dashed inside, catching Jobrack halfway upstairs. "Here," Mike said in a low voice. "Drink some of this, it's water."

"What the hell're you doin'?" Jobrack snapped in a clear, crisp voice. "Didn't you see me wink before?"

"What are you doing up there?" the girl called from below. "Are the men gone?"

"All gone," Jobrack called back. "C'mon up. S'all right, s'all right." He faced Mike again. "Now get out of this. I'm glad you tried to help, but I can take care of myself."

As Mike passed the girl on her way up, he said, "Go easy on him. You're not getting paid for murder."

When Jobrack returned to the barracks early the next morning, his expression was as arrogant as ever. He didn't bother to turn around when Perini and Simmons came in right behind him, singing. Sud-

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denly they stopped, and Simmons said loudly, "Hey, Sarge, who was that woman I saw you with last night?"

Perini slapped his knee and answered in a deep voice, "Why, Mister Bones, that was no woman. That was a sweet, innocent little girl that wouldn't hurt anything . . . except a snot-nosed little punk."

JOBRACK sat on his bunk, ignoring them. But Mike could hear him chuckling quietly. His lips barely moved but Mike heard him say distinctly, "She thought she was playin' with a baby until I slapped some sense into her head. You know somethin'? After that, she made love like she meant it."

"Hey, Farraday," Perini said. "C'mon to my room. You got to hear the latest."

Mike followed Perini and Simmons into the sergeant's room. He closed the door and asked, "What happened?"

Simmons laughed. "The girl pulled it off like a dream."

"Yeah," Perini chimed in. "Gave him a real hard time. Got him so mad, he belted her in the eye. But that's the only place he *belted* her."

For the remainder of the week, Perini and the others taunted Jobrack with the girl's story. Through it all he just smiled knowingly, and finally he began to laugh openly when they tried to needle him on the boat taking them across the Pacific.

But no one was laughing when they hit Korea. The Reds were dug in to stay, and Company A saw front-line duty for six straight weeks. Losses were high.

It was a bleak afternoon in mid-December when Sgt. Perini approached the men lying around on the rocky ground. "Orders from CP," he announced wearily. His eyes were bleary from lack of sleep as he studied the exhausted GIs. "I need three volunteers — Farraday, Hodges and Jobrack. We're going up there." His finger indicated a trench-scarred area just below a mound of earth they had named "Commie Corner."

Perini took a deep breath and tried to smile. "Come nighttime, when all good Commie bastards should be in bed," he chanted, "us stalwart fighting machines got to go out to see if that mortar is still alive up there. Maybe the little men is snuggled up with it an' just waitin' for Santie Claus to send 'em more ammo." His mocking smile tightened. "Or maybe they're just playin' possum till we get back in range. We move out as soon as it gets dark."

Rock-points pressed through heavy winter clothing as the four GIs squirmed toward the hill. In the lead, Perini could barely make out the high lump of ground appearing and disappearing in the mist swirling around them. They had gone 200 yards when Hodges' voice reached the others. "I heard something," he breathed.

Just then a flare whitened the air around them, followed by the staccato whine of bullets chopping into earth and off rocks. Orange-red flame winked like Christmas-tree bulbs through the fog.

Mike and Jobrack were already moving but Hodges moaned like a man vomiting and slid back to the ground. "Quick!" Mike yelled. "Over here!"

"Harry, here, is a structural engineer. He wants to ask you a question."

Perini and Jobrack scuttled toward his voice until they tumbled beside him into a four-foot deep slit trench. Breathing in gasps, they huddled together in the tight space, waiting.

When the firing stopped, Mike said, "Hodges got hit. I'm going after him."

"I know," Perini grated. "But you ain't goin' nowhere." His voice caught slightly. "He got it in the head. I saw the hole before he fell."

Mike turned and saw Perini clutching his left leg. "You hit, Sarge?"

Perini grunted. "A million-buck wound."

After 15 minutes had passed with no sign of the enemy, Perini said, "There's no goin' back tonight.

The next six hours dragged by as each man stood a two-hour watch while the others slept. Mike was awake when dawn tinged the sky a dirty purple.

"Sun's comin' up, Sarge. Let's do *something,*" he said to Perini.

Perini shook Jobrack as he said, "Don't worry, Farraday. I've been in worse spots than this and things worked out."

"You tell 'im, coach," It was Jobrack, his mouth curled in a malicious smirk. "Rah, rah, and all that crap."

Mike stepped forward swiftly. "Look, Jobrack, I've got a wife and two boys at home. Id like to get out, too. If you don't care —"

"Knock it off!" Perini's voice knifed in.

Jobrack started to say something, changed his mind and spat into the mud.

"Did anyone hear anything during the night?" Perini's voice was calm, sure. They shook their heads. "Then we don't know if them Gooks is still there. It figures they are, and if so, we're sittin' ducks. We can make a run for it and get our pants blowed off, or we can wait for 'em to come after us and take a few with us — maybe." He gazed intently at the two men. "They ain't got no mortar shells or we'd of heard from 'em by now. So I'm gonna wait another fifteen minutes and, if nothin' happens, I'll go see what's doin'." He felt his leg and added, "If I don't make it, Farraday's in charge."

Jobrack's face was set, his eyes pinpoints of venom. After a moment of silence, Mike began talking in a thoughtful tone. "The way I see it, Jobrack's got a lot of years ahead of him. Too many to waste. You," he faced Perini squarely, "wouldn't be doin' anybody any good by goin' out."

Perini opened his mouth but Mike rushed on. "Me, I'm thirty-six, with kids to carry on the family name. That makes me most expendable." His breath hissed between his teeth as he breathed. "Now, what I'll do is crawl up there and see what the Gooks are doin'. In case they're waitin', I got that figured, too. I'll string some grenades together so I can pull the pins at once. The second I see one of their heads, I'll pull the string and rush 'em. As soon as I make the move, you tear-ass out of here for our lines."

"Listen to these old vets go at it, will you?" Jobrack said derisively, looking up at the sky. "One's a glory-hound, the others a gutless career soldier." Perini's face turned a mottled red but Jobrack continued, "You boys don't have to argue. Just flip a coin or somethin'."

As Perini started to reach for his .45, Mike snapped, "Hold it. The kid's got an idea." The sergeant gave him a puzzled look. "Sure," Mike said, "a two-man gamble between him and me."

Jobrack stiffened. "Hey, Perini already said he was —"

"Perini can't go and he knows it."

The sergeant cursed and leaned his full weight on the wounded leg. He held back any sound of pain but his mouth turned white and the crow's-feet at the corners of his eyes deepened. "Okay, Farraday," he said resignedly.

Mike nodded. "Now, what do we use to decide?"

Digging into his jacket pocket, the sergeant's hand came out with a stubby pencil and a small notebook. Ripping a clean sheet from the book, he tore the paper in half and scrawled an "X" on one piece. Folding both strips into squares, he removed his helmet and dropped them into the steel pot.

"Farraday," he said, holding it out.

MIKE started to reach inside but Jobrack growled, "Not so fast! I don't trust you two. I'm gonna pick first." He eyed Mike narrowly, the gaze softening for a moment then going hard again. "You never know who you can trust."

Mike withdrew his hand and Jobrack's dipped into the helmet. Stepping back he held the folded paper and said, "Farraday's luck has always been lousy, so . . ." Still talking, he worked open the paper," ". . . so it looks like . . ." He stopped in mid-sentence and his face froze, then slowly relaxed into a skull-like grin.

"Well?" Perini whispered impatiently. "Well?"

Jobrack tore the paper into scraps. "Farraday's luck changed," he muttered.

The sergeant's face was expressionless as he slapped the helmet back on his head.

"I'm sorry," Mike said.

"Can it!" Jobrack spat, suddenly alive. "I hung myself." With brisk movements

he removed three grenades from his belt and took two from Mike's. Kneeling and putting them beside him on the ground, he used his bayonet to cut a thin strip of cloth from his jacket, then strung the grenades on it. The makeshift bomb completed, he stood and turned to Mike. "Well, Farraday, I won't be goin' out a virgin, anyway. Perini and his boys saw to that." Grabbing his M-1, he added, "Don't forget to tell 'em all about it, Mike."

"I will, Phil," was barely audible as Jobrack hoisted himself over the trench edge.

THEY watched him break into a hunched-over zig-zag toward the hill, grenades cradled in his left arm, rifle hand holding the strip of cloth. He was almost at the hill when he stopped short, straightened, and pulled the pins loose with a sharp tug.

"Let's go!" Perini screamed. He scrambled awkwardly from the trench and began running stiff-legged toward their own lines. Mike hesitated, then leaped after him when he heard the stuttering rattle of machine guns. He caught up with Perini and was helping him along when the explosion shattered the air. All at once it was as if a blanket had fallen over the area. The silence seemed to smother them as they scurried behind a clump of rocks.

"He did it!" Mike gasped. "He took the lousy Gooks with him!"

Perini hawked up a glob of phlegm and squirted it at the ground. "He made the deal. I figured he'd welch right up to the end, but he fooled me."

Mike turned away. "Let's get back."

When they returned to the company area, they were met by a loud cheer. "You got the mortar, Sarge. Word just came from CP."

"We didn't get it," Mike said. "Jobrack did. But they got him."

"Good riddance," someone said.

"Lay off, Farraday," Perini warned, grabbing Mike's arm as he started to lunge forward. "He was a snot-nosed crumb, except for what he just did. And I'll bet he cursed both of us in his last breath."

"No, Perini," Mike said quickly. "You're wrong. He saved your life for sure and gave me a chance to save mine. He just picked the wrong piece of paper."

"That's the way the ball bounces," Perini said lightly. He squatted on the ground, took off his helmet and wiped his forehead with his sleeve. Just then Mike looked down and lifted a slip of paper, sweat-damp and squashed, from Perini's helmet.

"I think I'll save this." Mechanically, he started to walk away, unfolding the paper. Suddenly he wheeled and walked back to stand over Perini. "Here, Sarge," he said heavily, "maybe you better keep it."

He let the paper fall from his hand and it fluttered into the sergeant's lap. Mike strode away as Perini poked at it with a finger, glanced at the white square vaguely, then more closely before turning it over. It seemed an effort as he raised his head to follow Mike's progress across the ground.

"I'll be damned," he said half-aloud. "There's an X on it." END

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RAPE-KILLER

Continued from Page 29

ambulance and rushed to Bellevue Hospital. She was suffering from a deep gash in her back that had pierced an artery of her heart and ruptured the outer wall of her chest. She died before the ambulance turned into the Bellevue driveway.

Police studied the case thoroughly. Some 30 detectives were assigned to the Yorkville area, casing known sex degenerates, searching for the murder weapon.

MARION'S horror-stricken mother suggested her daughter might have been murdered by someone she had dated. The girl was pretty and popular. Perhaps one of her suitors had sought vengeance in a fit of jealousy.

Marion's brother, Richard, was given emergency furlough from his Air Force base, and he returned home to help with the case. It was discovered that, just prior to the murder, Marion had left a farewell party for a friend entering the Army. She had stopped at three taverns in the area near her East 65th Street home and last was seen at 2:30 A.M. kissing an unnamed young man outside a bar near the corner of Third Avenue and 65th Street, just a block from her home.

Police concluded Marion had been slain for immoral purposes.

There seemed no connection between the Jablonka and Brown murders until police examined them in relation to a third and equally brutal assault. Unlike the others, this one involved an old woman. Her name was Mrs. Rose Chronik. She was wealthy and admired by neighbors.

There was one significant twist—Mrs. Chronik lived a short distance from Marion Brown's house. On November 15, 1953, a man forced his way through a window in Mrs. Chronik's apartment on East 66th Street. The 85-year-old widow was taking a bath at the time. She heard noises in her bedroom, lifted herself out of the tub and surprised the man who apparently was looking for money. He stabbed her seven times in the chest and escaped. Police and hospital attendants found her lying on her bed, dead.

The three murders convinced police they were chasing one man but no further evidence supported the theory until the morning of June 2nd. It was a balmy day, the kind that gives one a refreshing feeling in the early hours before the hot sun takes hold. It was at that time that Mrs. Mae Sullivan returned to her apartment on East 66th Street.

She grasped the ball-like fixture on the banister and wearily pulled herself upstairs. Nearly halfway up the first flight, she stopped. Did she hear a voice, a groan? Turning around, she walked back down. Sure enough, moans curled up from the underside of the stairs.

Mrs. Sullivan moved scarily toward the sounds when she noticed a strange man standing in the hallway. He pointed at the alcove. "The kid's sick," he said and hurried out the front door, a piece of lead pipe in his right hand. Mrs. Sullivan hurried to the moans coming from under the stairway, looked down—and staggered back.

Battered and blood-stained lay Dorothy Westwater, an imp-faced 14-year-old who lived with her family on the first floor. Dorothy's body was surrounded by school books. Her crumpled dress lay in a heap at her stomach. Her underclothes were draped over a nearby bicycle.

Recovering from the horror, Mrs. Sullivan called the police. They deduced the assailant was the same as the one who murdered Mrs. Chronik, Miss Brown and Mr. Jablonka. In this case, they reasoned, he had planned a robbery but changed his mind when he encountered the attractive schoolgirl. What worried them was his change of operation. No longer was he limiting himself to the safety of darkness. His latest atrocity occurred in full daylight.

But his mode of attack was no less savage. He had stabbed Dorothy Westwater eight times in the head, neck and chest with a short-bladed knife, and had bludgeoned her four times, inflicting vicious skull fractures. As if to further dramatize his lust, he strangled and raped her.

Hope lingered for four days that Dorothy would survive at Bellevue Hospital where she endured an eight-hour lung operation. She remained unconscious, kept alive for the most part by the blood donations of her neighbors. But even as doctors worked to save her, and police frantically scoured the neighborhood for signs of the killer, Dorothy died.

This time, however, there was a clue. Mrs. Sullivan had seen the killer and described him as about 25, shorter than normal, dark-complexioned and with curly hair. She said he had heavy eyebrows and wore a light jacket and loose-fitting trousers. He didn't look at all familiar to her, she added.

Starving for more information, Police Commissioner Francis Adams put 100 detectives on the case. "It's just a matter of time," the Commissioner said confidently. "We'll get him."

First step was the establishment of an around-the-clock investigation with headquarters located in the 67th Street Police station. Next, the police hauled in all known sex degenerates. Detective Chief Thomas Neilson probed them closely.

One of the first suspects was a middle-aged man who had been caught molesting a 13-year-old boy in the men's room of a subway station. After a three-hour third-degree the police reluctantly released the suspect. "He didn't do it," one officer cracked, "but he's just as bad as the guy who did. If we had any sense we'd jug this guy anyway and save him from corrupting a few dozen other kids."

As a further lure to the killer, the police ordered ten of its most attractive female officers to the area. Then 120 members of the American Legion post agreed to patrol the streets every night from 8 A.M. until 2 A.M. All women were escorted home between those hours.

Despite all safeguards, the neighborhood people shivered through a general state of panic. "How can you feel safe," said one father, "when the killer is operating in the daytime as well as night?"

Others wondered whether the culprit was someone living in their very house. "Who knows," said a mother of a seven-year-old girl, "it could be my next-door neighbor."

Teen-age girls were more concerned than anyone, because they often returned home late after a dance or party. "How can I fight off a man like that?" a 19-year-old beauty said. "If he comes at me I wouldn't know whether to battle him or give him his way."

Less than two days after Dorothy Westwater's mangled body was found underneath the staircase, Patrolman Gustave Roniger was working his beat.

Roniger had maintained a professional interest in the Brown and Westwater cases and had fixed in his mind the sketch of the murderer that appeared in the morning papers. At 10:30 A.M., the patrolman stepped off the sidewalk to halt a car heading the wrong way on a one-way street.

The man was driving a 1950 black Pontiac sedan. Patrolman Roniger asked him to produce his license and registration. The man said he had none. Roniger looked at the man a second time, noticing his curly hair, and broad forehead. It struck a familiar chord.

"What's your name?" the patrolman asked.

"Roche," the man said. "John Francis Roche."

"Address?"

The man gave an address near Dorothy Westwater's apartment.

"ROCHE, eh?" The patrolman scribbled down the name and address then stole a glance into the car. A newspaper headline told the tragedy of Dorothy Westwater.

"You been reading about the murder?" Patrolman Roniger asked.

Before Roche could answer, the patrolman sneaked another look into the car. Then he fixed his eyes on the driver. Slowly, he began to detect the resemblance between Roche and the man in the newspaper sketch. His eyes returned to the floor of the car. There was a long-sleeved sweater and partially hidden under it, a butcher-knife and a foot-long red-stained lead pipe.

It was almost too perfect for Roniger

to believe; the weapons, the close resemblance to the newspaper sketch, the timing.

"Start the car," the officer ordered, his hand clutching a pistol. Roniger got in the car beside Roche.

Roche calmly turned the ignition key and drove off easily. Roniger directed him to the nearest precinct house and Roche responded to the commands as obediently as a student driver.

Expecting an attempted break or violent attack, Roniger could hardly believe his eyes when Roche pulled up to the station house, docilely stepped out, and almost eagerly submitted to investigation and interrogation by detectives.

Frisking him, they found a monogrammed cigarette lighter in his blue jacket. A fast call was put in to Manhattan headquarters. Sure enough, the lighter had the same markings as one stolen from Alexander Jablonka, the slain cabbie.

But Detective John P. Smith refused to prejudge the case. He was preparing for a long cross-examination. He started with the very routine query, anticipating a brutal question-and-answer session.

"June 2nd," he said tersely. "Where were you that night?"

Roche leaned back as relaxed as a vacationer and looked at him in a friendly way. "You mean Wednesday? I killed the girl, the kinda young one."

He never hesitated. Question after question was answered in detail. He voluntarily brought the pipe and knife into his story. And he said the sweater was the one he had worn when he attacked Dorothy Westwater.

Still incredulous, Detective Smith showed the sweater to Roche. "This sweater looks pretty clean," Smith told him.

"Take a look at the sleeves," said Roche with an air of cockiness.

Smith rolled them out and saw dark blotches. Examination later proved them to be bloodstains. Now, Deputy Chief Inspector Feeley entered the station house to head the investigation. After a brief talk he ordered Roche moved to the East 67th Street station in Manhattan.

The third-degree continued with its peculiarly ironic twist. Roche not only cooperated, he seemed determined to mark off his murderous route. The more detectives surrounded him, the more glibly he spoke, like a performer delighting in a packed theater.

First he told how he disposed of Dorothy Westwater, the 14-year-old student. It started with his quest for money. "I parked the car on York Avenue (around the corner from Dorothy's home) about eight," he said. "I figured I could get a buck or two from somebody in a back yard. Y'know, rob somebody."

He loped from the backyard into a stairway leading to Dorothy's building. The schoolgirl had just left her apartment and turned down the hall when Roche approached from behind. "I hit her on the head with the pipe just as she turned the doorknob," he explained, unemotionally.

The street was alive outside; men and women briskly walking to First Avenue for the bus to work. But nobody was moving in the hallway except Roche pulling Dorothy under the stairway. "I ripped up her underpants," he said, "and cleaned up the bloodstains in the front of the hall."

He stabbed her several times. When she moaned, the frenzied madman grabbed her by the throat. "She was making sounds like she was snoring," he said. "I wanted to make her quiet."

His only sign of remorse showed when Roche was charged later with the murder of all four victims. "I did it all," the pervert blurted, "but I thought the kid was at least 16 years old."

A detective asked him if he was sorry.

"You mean about the killings? Yeah. But I'm glad I got caught. I wanna get the whole business over with."

He declined the offer of a talk with a priest. "What's the point?" he said clearly but softly. "I'm past help from a priest. What can he do for me? What can anyone do for me now?"

He was right. For this, his eighth arrest, there was no help. There was time for help after his first at the age of 12, when he stole $35 and a watch. And there was still time even after his seventh, when he served 60 days in the workhouse for larceny.

Now his mind was so hopelessly warped, doctors could hardly venture an optimistic prognosis. Even when he was 19, they wrote that his "neurotic conflicts are so serious that it would take some time to straighten them out—if they can be straightened out." At 27, he was beyond repair.

Meanwhile, irony piled on irony as witnesses testified against Roche. A pretty, brunette receptionist entered the picture,

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telling police Roche was her fiance and was with her on the night of Marion Brown's death. "I asked him to escort me home," she said, "and he did. He told me it was too dangerous for me to be walking around alone at night."

When Roche and the girl got to her house she accused him of dating another girl. He bridled at the accusation, screamed at her and stormed out of the house. She told detectives she never saw Roche again, vowed to steer clear of him, never to speak to him again. But when the trial began, she felt it necessary to come forward.

If Assistant District Attorney Alexander Herman had any doubts about demanding the death penalty for Roche, they were banished as evidence poured in. Bloodstains on the lead pipe were of the same type as Dorothy Westwater's. Three sharp, new butcher knives were discovered at the home of one of Roche's friends.

But his obvious fate never unnerved him. He was the picture of relaxation throughout the trial and appeared only mildly interested in the case as witness after witness appeared. Even after he was labeled the "Manhattan Monster," he sat placidly, resting his chin on his hands.

In marked contrast to Roche was his defense counsel, James Murray. Passionately, he tried to show the jury that Roche was mentally irresponsible for the murders he perpetrated. "His mind is like a scrambled egg," Murray pleaded with the jury. "His background and upbringing were no better than Tobacco Road."

Here was a crutch ready for Roche to grasp. Instead he tossed it aside and unequivocally asked for the death sentence. "I didn't ask him to save me," the killer said. "I want to be found guilty and sent to the chair. That's the only solution."

The jury agreed and on Tuesday, November 10, 1954, John Francis Roche was brought before the court for the last time. He smiled momentarily then reverted to his stony facade as Judge Jonah Goldstein ordered, "Prisoner, look on the jury."

Roche refused. He looked straight ahead at the wall as the jury foreman addressed him. It was 3:15 P.M. "Guilty of first degree murder—without a recommendation." The prisoner remained motionless.

HE was taken tothe Death House at Sing Sing on November 30th. For Roche it was almost like a vacation. Attention, the likes of which he never enjoyed in his life, suddenly was bestowed upon him from all sides. It was the attention reserved for the condemned but it was attention nonetheless.

For the next year, he led a charmed life. Instead of an immediate electrocution, Roche's death sentence was continually postponed as law enforcement agencies desperately sought to link various other crimes to Roche. Within 13 months he received five stays of execution but he never seemed concerned. "Why do they wait?" he asked a guard. "I want to die."

On a cold, winter morning — 26 months after he had launched his rampage of blood-letting—John Francis Roche had his wish granted. He was electrocuted at 11:03 A.M., Friday, January 27, 1956.

It was small payment for the wasted lives of four innocent human beings. END.

"NEUTRALIZE THE BRIDGE"

Continued from Page 23

doorway chewing nervously at the end of his straggly mustache. The girl was at the foot of the bed. She had managed to throw on some clothes, but her blouse remained unbuttoned, revealed a substantial amount of cleavage despite her attempt to cover up.

From the look on the clerk's face, Warner was positive that he was the one who had tipped the police. He was right.

"The man was only doing his duty," the taller policeman explained. "All transients checking into a hotel without baggage must be reported." He held out his hand toward Warner. "Your papers."

Reaching inside his jacket pocket, Warner produced a slim leather case, handed it over. One look at the contents, and the policeman's stern expression changed. Along with the excellent set of forged identity papers was an authentic highly regarded Gestapo identification disk.

"N--no further questions," the policeman spluttered. Handing back the leather case, he nodded curtly to the other two.

Warner watched them scamper for the stairs, listened to their retreating footsteps.

Re-entering the room, he closed the door as the girl slipped to his side. When he faced her, she put her arms around his neck, pressed her body close. She was trembling. He kissed her forehead, her open mouth. They stepped toward the bed.

"It's all right, Lise," he whispered reassuringly. "We're safe enough."

She nodded, her arms still clamped firmly around his neck. "Then I want to be with you. Now."

Afterwards, she remained close, her lips brushing his cheek.

"Still frightened?" he asked.

"No," she murmured contentedly. "Not any more."

She was asleep quickly, her head against his shoulder, but Warner remained awake, his senses alert. Another close call had come and gone. Meanwhile, the most crucial part of his mission still lay ahead; and its outcome, as it had been from the beginning, remained uncertain.

The beginning was some two weeks previous, January 14, 1945, when the mission was first spelled out to Warner in the G-2 section of General Hodges' First U.S. Army Headquarters.

At this time the war was rapidly reaching its final stage. A month earlier, Germany's daring attack in the Ardennes had been crushed and her battered divisions were hastily pulling back to their Rhine defenses. Within the German High Command, defeatism was spreading. This was particularly true of the *Abwehr* (military intelligence) whose vulnerabilities were pointed up that month when two of its top agents defected to the West in Ankara, Turkey.

During their interrogation, the two German agents pinpointed an important anti-Nazi inside Germany — a member of the "Kreisau Circle" (the anti-Hitler underground) who was in hiding in Bonn, and who, according to the agents, possessed an exact copy of the German military communication code in use by Field Marshal von Rundstedt's forces along the western front.

With the Allied crossing of the Rhine imminent, a chance to break the German military code could make all the difference in the final thrust into Germany. Accordingly, 32-year-old Captain Gus Warner, a highly successful O.S.S. officer, was assigned the difficult task of bringing the little "black-book" out of Germany.

Meanwhile, through the offices of General William J. Donovan's O.S.S. branch in Berne, Switzerland, three separate sets of forged identity papers were prepared, sent through channels to G-2 along with the secret Gestapo identification disk.

THE first phase went smoothly. Air-dropped from a B-25 about 12 miles west of Blatzheim, Warner came down on a stubby, open field, was quickly met by his first contact, 43-year-old Ludwig Schloss, a trusted member of the Kreisau underground. This was January 19, 1950.

Schloss pumped Warner's hand. "Excellent," he whispered. "No searchlights, no soldiers, no trouble. A wonderful piece of luck!"

Working swiftly, Warner stripped off his jump coveralls. Underneath he wore a civilian tweed suit. His shoes were German-made. From his auxiliary pack he removed a loose-fitting overcoat and a gray felt hat. The final two items were an envelope containing about $800 in paper Reichmark and a small, zippered shaving kit. In the kit's false bottom was a Beretta .25 automatic, plus two spare clips.

Schloss briefly outlined their next move. They would proceed to Kerpen, a small town a few miles to the east, spend the night at a trusted friend's place.

"In the morning," Schloss continued, "we take the train to Cologne."

After burying the chute and pack, they started out, arriving at Kerpen shortly before midnight. Going directly to Schloss' friend's place, a widower, they were admitted immediately. They ate and slept.

The following day they boarded the crowded train around noon, arriving in gutted Cologne shortly after one. Instructing Warner to wait in the station area, Schloss went off to see the local underground man who had been handling matters from this end. He was back in an hour.

"All is well," he reported. "We're to go to the Eigel Cafe. Wait there for your new contact to arrive."

On the way Warner was surprised to hear that his new contact would be a girl, 24-year-old Lise Gauss.

"You needn't be worried," Schloss added reassuringly. "I know this Lise. A most capable young woman."

The Eigel Cafe was small and dingy, located on a narrow side street not far from the bombed-out Deutz bridge. They took a booth to the rear, ordered two beers.

They had barely settled back with their beers when Schloss touched Warner's arm. "Here's Lise now."

The girl had just entered, and paused to look around. Warner was struck by her stunning figure, the smooth, oval face framed by the shoulder-length, shimmering blond hair. Spotting Schloss, she started toward them, but was suddenly blocked by a grinning soldier who had lurched off his bar stool.

When the soldier tried slipping his arm around her waist, Warner began to get up.

"Let me," Schloss whispered. "I can humor him."

Schloss tapped the soldier on the shoulder, spoke out good-naturedly. Wheeling angrily, the corporal didn't waste a second, punched out savagely. Hit across the nose, Schloss staggered back, the blood flowing. As he tottered, the soldier snatched a beer bottle off the bar and raised his arm.

By now Warner had jumped to his feet. Shoving Schloss aside, he blocked the corporal's downward swing with his left forearm. Bounced against the bar, the soldier recovered quickly, let the bottle fly. It sailed over Warner's head, smashing to bits against the far wall. Bulling forward, the corporal threw a roundhouse right, but Warner moved under it, let loose with a jolting left. Caught alongside the jaw, the German staggered back. Warner didn't hesitate, banged his right squarely into the soldier's mouth. Soundlessly, he slid to the floor.

Warner glanced about, noted the belligerent expressions on the patrons' faces. "You saw how it happened," Warner announced. "He asked for it."

The expressions remained unchanged. Warner had a sudden inspiration, reached inside his pocket. Coming up with a 20-Reichmark note, he tossed it on the bar. "The best in the house for everyone," he grinned.

As the others murmured assent and picked up their free drinks, Warner went to the girl's side. Supporting Schloss between them, they got him outside.

They went directly to Lise's place, a small top-floor flat just off the Tiergarten Strasse. Not long afterwards, his nose and bruised lip patched up, Schloss was ready to take off, his job completed.

Lise didn't waste time either. Much re- one paid them any attention on boarding. members of the underground, plans drawn up. She left soon after Schloss, cautioning Warner to remain in the apartment until she returned. She wasn't back until after dark, her eyes eager and bright, her face flushed.

"Good news," she said as she whipped off her coat. "Word of your arrival has already been sent to Bonn, will be passed along to the man with the code book. If all goes well we should leave for Bonn ourselves either tomorrow or the day after."

Over coffee, Lise filled him in on details. Although she had never met him, the man with the code book was a former member of the *Abwehr* and a one-time close associate of Admiral Canaris, up to 1944 the bureau's chief. He had also been one of the anti-Nazi conspirators who had planned the abortive attempt on Hitler's life the previous July. He'd managed to escape.

"Of course," Lise continued, "his life remains in extreme danger. There is strong reason to believe that the Gestapo has traced him to Bonn. They could be on his trail. Still, he's prepared to contact you despite the great risk."

The next morning they breakfasted early on cereal, dry toast and weak tea. While Warner checked his Beretta, Lise packed a worn leather suitcase with a few clothes. They would travel together, but not as a pair.

The electric railroad between Cologne and Bonn was no longer operative, due to repeated Allied bombings, but they were fortunate in getting two separate seats on the only wood-burning bus to Bonn. No one paid them any attention on boarding.

Twenty minutes later they arrived in Bonn and went to a shabby hotel along the river front. Once again Lise left Warner alone while she made contact with a member of the Kreisau Circle.

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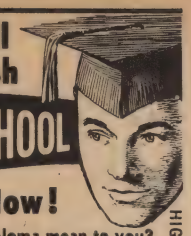

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As in Cologne, the Bonn membership had been alerted well in advance through O.S.S. channels from Berne. When Lise reported back to Warner the green light had been flashed. At 5:15 P.M., at the Rathaus, a small restaurant on the Koblenzerstrasse, the former Abwehr agent would be waiting to deliver the vital black-book into Warner's hands.

At 5:12, Warner, alone, turned the corner of the Koblenzerstrasse, headed in the direction of the Rathaus about a half-block down the street. Warner's hands were inside his overcoat pockets, his right hand resting lightly against the smooth butt of his loaded Beretta. As he approached the restaurant he spotted the middle-aged man seated at the small outside table to the left of the door. It was the agent.

WARNER took a quick look around. All seemed well enough. It was almost dusk, the light starting to fade. Warner lengthened his stride. At the restaurant's doorway, Warner paused alongside the table, the man looking up. Warner feigned recognition, thrust out his hand.

To anyone who saw it, it was two friends meeting by chance, exchanging mild pleasantries. Nothing more. Less than two minutes later the two of them left the restaurant, headed back in the direction from which Warner had come. As they approached the corner, the German glanced back over his shoulder, his face turning pale. Two men had suddenly emerged from a building facing the restaurant; they were heading in their direction.

"Quick," the German whispered to Warner. "Gestapo!" They were closing fast.

The shots followed, shattering the silence. Warner pushed his companion ahead of him, when another spattering of shots rang out. Lurching forward, the German let out a sharp cry, dropped at Warner's feet. Wheeling, Warner came up with his Beretta, fired at the blurry shape rushing toward him. The figure spun instantly, hands clawing the air as the man went down. The man behind skidded to a halt, then fled as Warner squeezed off three more shots. Shrill whistles filled the air.

Warner reached the stricken German's side as Lise came running up from the opposite direction. The man was bleeding violently from the mouth and nose; he could only gasp. With his outstretched right hand he pushed a small, black memo book in Warner's direction. As Warner took it, the German's breath rattled deep inside his throat, his head slumped forward instantly.

Lise tugged at Warner's arm. There was the sounds of sirens. "Hurry," she whispered. "There's nothing more we can do here."

They were off and running through the quickening dusk. As they reached the far end of the street, a final shot rang from behind. They darted to the left, Lise leading. Halfway down the street, she pointed to the narrow alleyway. In they plunged.

"We dare not go back to the hotel," Lise whispered as they paused briefly, "but there is a friend not far. We'll go there. It will be all right."

The friend's place was in the market district, a two-story house facing the street with a rambling garage to the rear. While Lise knocked, Warner suddenly remembered the book. It was in his pocket.

The friend, Herr Lautz, was a wholesale produce distributor, an avowed anti-Nazi and a member of the Kreisau underground. The first thing he did on hearing Lise's story was to shift her and Warner to the small apartment over the garage. He thought it best that they remain there for at least two days.

"Until things quite down a bit anyway," he insisted. "Meanwhile I'll try to learn what I can."

It was later that night, after they had eaten the food brought to them by Lautz, that Warner and Lise shared their first intimacies. The Allied bombers were somewhat responsible for this situation. Lise was scared.

"I don't want to be alone tonight," she whispered. "Stay with me . . . ."

He carried her into the small bedroom where he eased her onto the double bed. She was out of her clothes quickly. Taking his hand she pressed it against her naked stomach. She made room for him beside her. He could feel the pressure of her thighs against his as she moved close. His hands reached out. Warm, supple, her responses were swift and natural. They fell asleep in each other's arms.

In the morning, Herr Lautz brought breakfast — and news. The Gestapo agent whom Warner shot had died and a general search was on. The problem was how to reach Coblenz—inconspicuously.

The answer was by truck, one of Herr Lautz' smaller vehicles that he used for hauling light shipments.

The following morning, two hours before dawn, with Warner at the wheel and Lise alongside, they left Lautz' place, headed due south out of the city. The truck's rear was partially loaded with some stacks of burlap.

Warner was glad to be on his way. January was fast drawing to a close and the Allied offensive across the Rhine was scheduled for early February.

Warner's immediate objective was to push on to Coblenz. From here they would proceed to the nearby suburb of Braubach where the Kreisau underground was prepared to give Warner his final assist: getting him across the Rhine and back to the First Army's winter positions somewhere near the Moselle river. This final part of the mission presented the greatest risk.

They were midway to Coblenz when Lise suddenly leaned forward and pointed ahead. Warner spotted it a second later—the blurred figure of a German soldier standing in the middle of the road, his motorcycle balanced against a temporary roadblock.

"What now?" Lise whispered.

"We stop," Warner replied. "Try talking our way through."

ROLLING to a halt, Warner braked as the soldier came round to his side of the cab. After giving Lise a careful look, he asked to see their papers. Then he asked routine questions. Warner explained that he was driving the truck down to a neighboring town for a sick friend.

The soldier nodded toward Lise. "Why is she along?"

Warner kept his voice casual, saying that Lise had relatives there and had asked for a ride in to town.

The soldier remained suspicious. "You'll wait," he ordered flatly.

He went to his motorcycle. Moments later, he was cranking the handle of a two-way, battery operated radio-telephone. Warner didn't like the looks of it. If they were brought in for full questioning, it could prove disastrous.

Squeezing Lise's arm, he instructed her to hold tight. A second later he slammed his foot down on the gas pedal, the truck hurtling straight for the soldier.

At the sound, the soldier's head jerked up, his eyes bright with fear. Dropping the phone, he grabbed for the machine gun slung across his sholuder. He didn't have a chance. There was the crash of metal, followed by a piercing scream as the motorcycle and soldier caromed off the front end of the speeding truck. The roadblock went next, flung aside as the truck plowed through.

Warner maintained the speed, while Lise kept an eye on the road behind. There was no pursuit. At the next town, they slowed down, passed on through without incident. So far, so good, only Warner knew it wouldn't last. Soon enough evidence at the barrier would be found and further roadblocks would be set up. There only choice was to abandon the truck, continue on to Coblenz some other way.

In a deserted stretch of wood they ditched the truck, and backtracked toward the next town. Finally they caught a milk train. Snow was falling, and it was almost eight o'clock when they neared the Coblenz yards.

Suddenly, Lise pressed Warner's arm. He followed her gaze. A thin-lipped man, obviously a Gestapo officer stood at the far end of the car with the conductor. Both men stared their way.

"Up," Warner whispered. He nodded toward the car door several seats behind them. "That way."

Lise was in the aisle first, Warner just behind. Grabbing the door handle, Warner yanked it open, pushed Lise out onto the swaying platform. Glancing back, he spotted the thin-lipped man hurrying down the aisle. Banging the door shut behind him, Warner prodded Lise toward the steps. They were still moving quite slowly, the snow-covered ground sliding by below.

"Jump!" Warner barked.

She looked back once, then leaped into the night. An instant later the door behind Warner crashed open, the dark figure hurtling through.

Warner caught the sudden gleam of metal, grasped the outstretched hand. They fell back and out, hitting the ground together, the impact spinning them over and over. Breaking loose, Warner grabbed. The man punched out, but the blow glanced off Warner's forearm. Warner glimpsed the blurred face, swung his right. Hit squarely, the man keeled over. Warner dived on top, slammed the edge of his hand down and across the man's windpipe. A snapping sound, a single choked gasp — and the figure went limp beneath him.

As Warner regained his feet, Lise came racing up, stopped short. Grabbing the inert form under the armpits, Warner dragged it to the lip of a nearby embankment, rolled it over the edge. Rejoining Lise, he took her arm. He was breathing heavily.

"No time to lose," he whispered.

The snow was a blessing. Crossing the yards they came out behind the baggage building, passing no one on the way. Out in front a shabby-looking bus was loading up for the trip into town. They hopped aboard, pushed their way down the crowded aisle. With a grind of gears the vehicle rolled out.

Arriving in the heart of blacked-out Coblenz, they had a quick meal in a small side-street cafe.

After finishing their meal they were too bushed to think of anything but rest. They searched about and found a shabby hotel not too far away. As Warner anticipated, their lack of baggage aroused the night clerk's suspicions. A half-hour later, as Lise undressed, the local police turned up. Fortunately, the Gestapo identification disk in Warner's possession pulled them through. For the time being they were safe.

They were up early the following morning and checked out. From here they went directly to the office of Dr. Erich Koch, a practicing dentist and a founding member of the Coblenz anti-Nazi underground. Previously alerted to Warner's probable arrival by the O.S.S., Koch had already made tentative plans for transporting Warner to the Rhine's east bank. Now Koch was ready to put the plan into operation.

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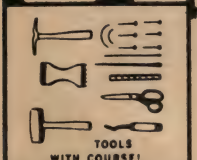

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The elderly bookstore proprietor, who had received an explanatory phone call from Dr. Koch by the time they arrived, showed them every courtesy. Taking them to his tiny apartment in the rear, he made tea, served them some tinned meat and cheese. The day passed, the evening drew on. At a little past eight, Koch drove up in a battered, prewar model Porsche. Little time was wasted. They were to drive down to the nearby suburb of Braubach at once.

They arrived in under an hour, pulled up before a cottage along the shore. The windows were boarded up, the door padlocked.

HE showed them around. There was a kitchen, two bedrooms, a small sitting room. The house itself was built on pilings above the river. In the rear of the building a small rowboat was supported on a pair of wooden blocks.

"Your transportation," Koch explained, "when the right moment comes."

One of the boards in the kitchen window could come out, exposing a good view of the river. Despite the darkness they could make out the shadowy mass of Rhens on the Rhine's east bank. As they looked out, the searchlight of a passing patrol boat suddenly came on, the yellow beam cutting a sweeping arc across the shore. Quickly, Koch replaced the board.

The plan was relatively uncomplicated. Within a day or two, members of the underground on the east bank would be set and a meeting party arranged. On the appointed night, Warner would take off in the rowboat, head for a preselected point along the river's opposite shore. If it were at all possible, the meeting party would flash a light for guidance.

The only thing Warner worried about was Lise. He was against her taking further chances, argued that she should return with Dr. Koch. Lise flatly refused.

"Not after all that's happened," she said. "Not now. I'm staying." She did.

During the next few days they remained undercover, waiting.

Meanwhile, the winter front became fluid. Units of the Ninth, First and Third U.S. Armies were pushing beyond the vaunted Siegfried Line.

In Warner's area, the bulk of the German forces were a bit further north, centered around Remagen with its vital railway bridge across the Rhine; and a target for American forces once the attack began.

On the fourth day of their wait — February 3, 1945 — Dr. Koch returned, bringing the news Warner had hoped for. All was set for the following night. Lise was at the point of tears.

The following dawn patches of fog hovered above the river, persisted throughout the morning and afternoon. By now Lise had convinced Warner to take her along with him in the boat, and he gave in.

The time for departure was set for ten. That evening, Dr. Koch and another member of the underground turned up. Between the three of them they got the rowboat into the water. The night was dark. Activity on the river was frequent, with gunboats patroling that section of the river.

At 0955 hours Warner and Lise got into the boat. Brief handshakes with Dr. Koch and his companion followed. Moments later, with Warner at the oars, they pulled away from the tiny dock.

The river was under a mile wide at this point, the flood tide moving out. About mid-point, the current increased and Warner had to fight hard to keep the boat on course. Meanwhile, more fog moved in.

Lise sat in the prow, her eyes straining for some sign on the opposite shore. If all went well they would come in at a tiny cove about six miles below the town of Rhens. Suddenly Lise saw it, a quick flash of light that pulsed through a tear in the fog. It was quickly repeated, then gone. It had appeared off to their left and Warner made the necessary correction. Warner guessed they had less than a quarter of the distance to go.

Ten minutes more and the rocky curve of the cove showed vaguely through the fog. Warner glanced over his shoulder, aimed the nose of the boat in the direction of the cove, when they heard the muffled beat of the engine. A moment later the growing silhouette of the gunboat emerged, its forward searchlight suddenly catching them head on.

A spattering of machine gun fire followed, sent spurts of water cascading just short of their port side. Warner braced, pulled with all he had. The rowboat leaped forward. For a moment they were free of the yellow beam, but it was already on the move. Warner didn't wait. Tossing the oars aside, he spun, grabbed Lise's wrist. He leaped first, pulling her with him. They hit the water only seconds after the beam spotlighted the boat for the second time. More machine gun fire broke out, raking the frail boat from end to end.

Warner dived instantly, dragging Lise down with him. Overhead the water boiled as bursts of renewed gunfire kicked up an angry froth. His arm clamped around Lise's waist, Warner kicked out, slowly forged ahead. Moments later, lungs struggling for air, they were forced to surface. They were several yards ahead of the beam, but once again the yellow finger probed their way.

Gulping for air, Warner rolled across Lise's body as the vicious bursts of fire followed the beam. Pain drilled up Warner's left arm as they plunged below the surface. Somehow he held on to her, his legs thrashing a foamy wake behind.

THE rest was vague: the lights dancing before his eyes, the terrible pressure inside his chest. Suddenly, his feet were hitting bottom. Hands were reaching out, supporting him under the arms, dragging him through a tangle of weeds onto the shore. Stumbling, pitching forward, they ran on.

"A bit more," a man's voice whispered close to his ear. "They can't follow us in. Too shallow."

Warner nodded, the pain in his arm blinding him. He called out to Lise and heard her answer.

"Thank God," he groaned.

Minutes later they were in the car, the powerful engine starting up instantly. With a roar the vehicle took off, fled south into the fog-bound night.

Within a week, following an emergency

treatment of his wound by an underground doctor, Warner, along with Lise, was moved by loyal members of the Kreisau Circle. At Oberstein, Lise was dropped off, would continue on to Saarbrucken.

For Warner only one day remained before he joined up with forward units of Hodges' First Army.

On February 11, contact with an O.S.S. agent in the area was established and word flashed on ahead. That same evening an army L-5 Observer aircraft touched down on a barren field some 25 miles west of Kyllburg. From a nearby farmhouse, Warner was rushed forward, bundled aboard. Less than an hour later, Warner and the black-book had touched down behind the American positions.

With the code book in their possession, Intelligence went to work, set up intensive monitoring of all German transmission along the Rhine front. Intercepted messages from various German command positions were quickly broken down, acted upon. During the latter part of February the Germans were continually shocked by the uncanny ability of the Allies to anticipate their moves.

The greatest use of the code book came on March 7, 1945, when an intercepted message picked up in the vicinity of Remagen disclosed that German troops were being pulled north to support forces along the north bank of the Moselle.

Acting swiftly, the 9th Armored Division of the First Army swarmed across the Remagen railway bridge as soon as the Germans pulled out, quickly established strong bridgeheads deep into German territory. By the time the stunned Germans tried to regroup they were completely surrounded. In the brief battle 49,000 German prisoners were bagged. By the end of the month Germany's western front had collapsed.

Warner was cited twice for his mission and promoted. Following V-E day he made an attempt to locate Lise, but it was impossible.

Warner is now living in Dallas, Texas. Some day he hopes to get back to Germany. It occurred to him there must be an easier way to cross the Rhine. END

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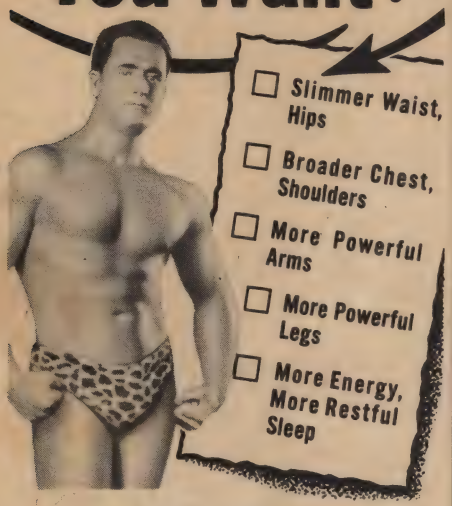

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"BASTARD" SQUADRON

Continued from Page 15

additional hours at gunnery practice."

"Sir?" Burriss's eyes widened. "Gunnery practice? That's punishment?"

"That's right, and you had better be top man in the squadron at the end of that time, or I'll really lean on you."

Commander Blackburn was treated to a raised eyebrow from his new executive officer, Lieutenant Roger Hedrick.

"Let him off kind of easy, didn't you?" commented Hedrick.

"LISTEN, Roger," Blackburn said, "it doesn't take a genius to realize that if I handle these boys the Navy way, my whole squadron will be in irons before the month is out. My only chance is to use their steam for the good of the Navy. Extra gunnery practice may not be much of a discipline measure. This squadron *may* be the black sheep of the Navy, but at least it will be a straight-shooting bunch of black sheep."

The next day a group of high brass came down from Washington to inspect the airfield. Right in the middle of the tour, a Corsair came flat-topping across the field, looking like a monster seagull with its canted bird-like wings and pale underbelly. Naturally, it made right for the party of admirals, captains and commanders. They scattered wildly, hitting the dirt like infantrymen.

Minutes after the incident, Commander Blackburn was blistering under a royal chewing out from the base commanding officer. Minutes after that, Ensign Ike Kepford was getting the same from Blackburn. After that, Ensign Kepford spent so much time flying extra tours of gunnery practice that, as one of his buddies expressed it, "He spent more time in his Corsair than he did on the ground."

But it was the kind of punishment that paid off for the squadron and the Navy.

In the frequent contests in which Corsairs of VF-17 competed for honors by shooting at the target sleeve behind the little Piper Cub tow plane—each pilot using different colored ammunition for positive identification—it was Ike Kepford's 50-caliber slugs that most often ventilated the target.

Meanwhile Squadron VF-17 swelled its ranks, as incorrigibles poured into it from other Navy squadrons. And Lieutenant Commander Blackburn's responsibilities and headaches swelled proportionately.

"It's unrealistic to confine an entire squadron to the brig," the base commander told Blackburn one day. "So the Navy is going to do the next best thing. You're being transferred to a small field in the sticks of North Carolina."

Not only was Manteo, N.C., off the beaten track, but for additional insurance the Navy clamped an unprecedented restriction on Blackburn's "untouchables":

The action of Squadron VF-17 will be confined to an area directly over the field and extending for two miles north, south, east and west.

This kept Blackburn's fighter pilots under constant scrutiny from the base. It was a crushing blow to the bushy-tailed crew. No more buzzing housetops, no more chasing cars down the highway.

It was a glad day for the residents, and Blackburn, when VF-17 received its overseas orders.

"I sure feel sorry for the Japs," sighed the Manteo base commander as he gratefully bid them goodbye.

Blackburn and his "S.O.B.s" (his "Bastards" or "Irregulars", as they were variously nicknamed), reached New Georgia island in the Solomons the first week of November, 1943. Their first assignment was flying cover for the Marine landings at Empress Augusta Bay on the island of Bougainville. And their baptism of fire was not long in coming.

Blackburn was in command of a section of eight Corsairs shepherding the ships in the harbor when ten Mitsubishi bombers escorted by 30 Zero fighters arrived on the scene.

In two flights of four planes, the F4Us screamed down out of the sun at the approaching gaggle of enemy planes. Blackburn led the first flight, Lieutenant (j.g.) Tom Killefer was in charge of the second.

His six guns blazing, Blackburn plunged right through the enemy formation, driving the clumsy bombers right and left like lumbering hippos. The sleek little Zero fighters came screaming after them.

Now Blackburn saw smoke washing back from two of the bombers as he cleared the underside of the formation. He eased his Corsair into a steep turn to the right, with his wingman, Lieutenant (j.g.) Douglas Gutenkunst, sticking to his right wing like glue. The F4Us easily pulled away from the pursuing Zeroes.

SQUADRON VF-17 was scrambled all over the sky with every man for himself. Blackburn and Gutenkunst nosed their ships up and climbed back for a head-on meeting with a block of four Zeroes. As the enemies closed rapidly, their tracers crossed, Blackburn felt the Corsair shudder from the impact of 7.7s. A 20mm. shell floated across his left wing just as his tracers found a target and the lead Zero turned into a fire-ball.

Blackburn and his wingman broke in opposite directions, each hot on the tail

of a Jap. Blackburn's pigeon tried to climb out of trouble, but the American anticipated his move, and the nose of the Corsair came up a second before the Zero's. Briefly, as it climbed, the Zero was silhouetted in his sights. Fifty calibers raked it from tail to engine cowling. The Jap hung suspended for a moment, then toppled over on its back like a wounded bird, and fell out of control.

Outnumbered five to one, the Corsairs waded into the Zeroes fearlessly. Killefer carved the wing off one Jap with a sustained burst at the wing-root. It pinwheeled into the ocean.

COMMANDER Hedrick patiently followed a Zero which was trying desperately to shake him. The Jap rolled, stood on one wing, looped—but Hedrick stayed with him, squeezing off a short burst every time the Zero flashed across his sights. At last the Jap burst into flame.

When the battle ended, seven Japanese fighters were dead. The rest disappeared after their retreating bombers.

"Not bad," Blackburn told his squadron over his radio. Then, to the men who failed to score, he added the tongue-in-cheek remark: "Some of you boys could stand some gunnery practice, though."

The days lost all meaning as the pattern stayed always the same. Eat. Sleep. Fight. Poker and crap games. Then sleep again. On the big "scoreboard" outside the HQ tent, the Rising Sun stencils—each representing a kill—stretched across the board, then went into a second row. VF-17 was getting its share of lumps, too. Blackburn's Corsair was scarred and patched from flak and 7.7 slugs. On one mission a 20-mm. shell exploded under the seat in Killefer's cockpit, almost ejecting him through the canopy. He managed to land safely with blood bubbling over the tops of his flying boots. Ensign Baker went down in flames and was never seen again. The irrepressible kids, who had outraged Norfolk by their antics and buzzed pretty girls in the park, grew up fast.

On the return leg of an escort bomber mission, Blackburn left formation with three of the squadron. "Let's do a little snooping before we head back," he told them.

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By Grant Mauk

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These men were drawn from all walks of life. They were farmers, mechanics, truckers. They were office workers, retail clerks, house-to-house salesmen. They were professional men, railroad men, college graduates, teachers. Some had had only a grade school education.

They were young men who had worked for others for a few years; men retired or just about to retire; men of middle age who had family responsibilities. For years they had yearned to start independent businesses. But they didn't dare risk giving up their jobs and missing their pay checks—even for a few weeks. We showed them how to start their own businesses *in spare time*. Then, when their spare time profits approached or equalled their regular pay, they could quit their jobs with safety and give all their time to building their businesses still bigger.

Today, throughout the world there are many hundreds of such men that my company has put in business. They own their businesses outright. They are their own bosses. They "call the shots" on vacations, hours of work, hours of play and recreation.

Some of them run "one man" businesses. Based on the rates in our National Price Guide, they can make $9.00 gross profit an hour on servicing they do themselves. A gross income of $10,000 and upwards the first year is not too much to expect from a one unit operation—with no shop, no store, no rent, no inventory, and no equipment except that which we furnish.

Ward Whitbeck wrote "I have made as much as $225 in one day." L. Lawson says: "In September, working alone, jobs totaled $1,475.00." L. Canaday wrote: "$1,571.00 in a single month." And G. Byers reported, "On one institutional job my charge was $2,416.00—total expenses, $814.00."

Other men have built organizations with from two to five men working for them. The owner merely writes up the orders, keeps the books, and does the banking. This increases the profit opportunity as the owner can make $6.00 an hour on every hour his employees work—even after paying them a good hourly wage.

Ed Kramsky wrote, "In my second year I now have two assistants, a nice home, and real security for my family." E. Davis reported "Gross income increased $17,660 this year." Carl Smith wrote, "Earned $650.00 in one week. Our volume is getting bigger all the time." And Michael Lyons made the statement, "First calendar year $40,000 gross income. Without headquarters constant help it would never have been possible."

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The flight of four Corsairs prowled along the coast of New Britain, looking for action.

"What say we have a look at Buka?" Blackburn suggested. Buka was one of the largest Jap airfields in the Solomons.

A cloud bank was rapidly dropping the ceiling on Buka, and the Corsairs were able to come in low without being detected. They broke through the overcast at about 3,000 feet, directly over the field, and saw an unexpected sight.

SOME kind of ceremony was in progress. Jap soldiers were lined up in neat ranks and files. Flags were flying. And at one end of the field a square wooden platform had been erected. Then, as Blackburn watched, a big military air transport came into view about 1,000 feet below him, making its landing approach.

"Get a load of that!" Blackburn said into his mouthpiece. "I smell big brass in that ship!"

He kicked the rudder and nosed down in a steep split-S dive, with the other three Corsairs right behind him. The F4Us levelled out on the transport's tail and followed her glide across the field.

The military formation—obviously awaiting inspection by some general or other VIP—scattered in a frenzied mob. Belatedly, anti-aircraft guns at the sides and corners of the field began to cough. But by this time the Corsairs, flying four abreast, were pouring their 50-calibers into the cornered transport. It bucked, shuddered, writhed like a living thing in pain, yet the pilot managed to hold her on course.

She steeped in for an emergency landing—100, 50, 30, 20, ten feet above the runway. Then just as it seemed as if she would make it safely, the 50s scored the *coup de grace*. One wing dipped sharply and dug into the runway like a shovel. End over end the transport tumbled along the strip, a blazing pinwheel.

"Some picnic," a delighted pilot exclaimed. "We really caught them with their pants down."

As the days passed the "kill" scoreboard of VF-17 rapidly acquired the highest total in the entire Pacific area.

Their best day came during a carrier task force strike on Rabaul, when the whole squadron was assigned to fly cover for the vulnerable big flattops. No sooner were the Navy planes launched than the Japs threw 100 dive bombers, torpedo planes and Zero fighters at the American fleet. Although the sky above the carriers was a curtain of anti-aircraft fire, the Japs flew straight into it with suicidal determination. Here and there one would falter and drop out, trailing smoke and fire, but the others bored straight through the flak defenses to make their passes.

Blackburn's pilots had to cope with a double threat now, being vulnerable both to their own anti-aircraft fire and the blasts of the Zeroes.

As a torpedo bomber streaked across the water, taking dead aim on the *Bunker Hill* amidships, Ike Kepford raced to intercept it. There was no time for setting this one up. He had to shoot "from the hip", gambling on a difficult deflection shot. With the perfection of a champion skeet shooter, Kepford touched the rudder gently as he squeezed off a burst, swinging his tracers two lengths ahead of the Jap's nose. The enemy flew straight into his fire and exploded.

The sky was an arena of tight infighting at its most precarious, much of the action taking place at mast-top level with the tracers from the ships' guns bursting off the wing-tips of Japs *and* Americans.

Burriss cut down another torpedo bomber just off the bow of a carrier. Giles drilled a 50 into the nose of a torpedo just as it fell away from the undercarriage of its bomber. The plane disappeared in a shower of rubble.

Blackburn scored. So did Giles again. Kepford got his third. Burriss his second. The Jap attack simply disintegrated, bombers an fighters running away in disorganization. The final tally: Blackburn's "Bastards," 19; The Japs, a big fat 0! Ike Kepford and Ensign Burriss were the big winners with four and three respectively.

VF-17's first tour of duty ended on December 1, just one month after it saw its first action. In that month it had seen more action than most squadrons saw in the whole war. A well-deserved leave was enjoyed by all in Australia, where they indulged in "action" of a hot but less dangerous nature. Then they headed back to their new base at Pima Yoke, Bougainville.

Within 24 hours after they were settled in new quarters, the "Bastards" picked up their Jap-killing where they had left off on New Georgia. First time aloft in the new year of 1944, they celebrated by polishing off 10 Zeroes. It was the most violent air battle VF-17 had ever been in.

Thirty Corsairs tangled with 60 Zeroes over Rabaul. Blackburn and his wingman took on a section of eight enemy fighters, closing with them on a collision course like rival teenagers playing chicken in their old jalopies. They blasted two of the Japs down, and the others turned tail.

Hedrick, the squadron exec, was leading a daisy chain of Japs a merry chase. He gunned the Corsair into a high-speed dive, then broke sharply to the left. The lighter Zeroes could not match his tight turn and skidded away in a wide arc. Reversing rudder, Hedrick turned into their path, his six machine guns hammering. Now he was at the end of the line. He closed on "tail-end" Charley, kicking the rudder back and forth in short arcs, spraying the tracers like water from a garden hose. A hit on a fuel tank vaporized the Zero, the debris washing back in the slipstream.

HOGAN and Jagger were dueling with seven of the enemy when an eighth Zero dropped on them from above. Cannon shells scored heavily on Jagger's Corsair, but amazingly the sturdy fighter stayed alive. Jagger staggered out of the fight into a convenient cloud bank. Poor Hogan was swarmed over by the wolfpack, 7.7s and 20 mm. shells pulverizing his ship.

Now Blackburn and his boys were fighting mad. They tore into the Japs, heedless of shell and the rattle of machine gun

"Come back, Jack. Father no longer objects to our marrying!"

slugs on their armor. In the wild melee, the Corsairs took punishment but gave back a lot more. When the Japs finally turned and ran for home, they were ten fighters shy of the number they had started out with. Hogan and Farley were dead on our side. And Bob Hall's Corsair was so badly hurt that he limped back to base with his belly brushing the water and oil spraying back in his face from ruptured lines. He just managed to reach the end of the runway when his engine died. The Corsair hit, bounced, did a ground loop, and a twisted hunk of metal careened down the strip. Miraculously, Hall was dragged out of the wreck alive.

The men of VF-17 were grimly philosophical that night. "There are always the odds," said Burriss. "You can't beat 'em forever, no matter who you are. Look at von Richthofen, the great German ace in World War One. Some kid who was green behind the ears got him. Just a lucky shot, one in a million. It just proves that you fly enough missions, your number is bound to come up sooner or later."

The next time Burriss flew a mission he was blasted by a Zero in the first few minutes of action. He bailed out safely and landed in the ocean. Blackburn assigned three Corsairs to circle over him as he inflated his rubber life raft and climbed aboard. A few hours later he was picked up by a Navy seaplane.

"Well," they kidded him that night in camp, "your number came up and you're still around."

Next time out the "Bastards" had a field day, downing 15 Japs. One of the replacements they had picked up in Australia was killed in that action, and once again Burriss was shot down and bailed out safely.

That night there was a wild beer party at Piva Yoke. Burriss was especially boisterous. "Twice they had their chance and muffed it. I guess old Lady Luck really has her mantle spread over me."

The following day Burriss and Kepford teamed up in a show that awed even their battle-hardened squadron mates. In just eight minutes of furious dogfighting, they flamed out eight Zero fighters, four apiece. It was an occasion that called for a party, but that party never came off. In the wild criss-cross action of Zeroes

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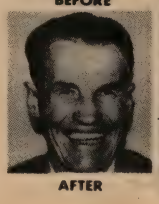

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and Corsairs jockeying for position at high speeds, Doug Gutenkunst, Commander Blackburn's wingman—and one of the most popular men in the squadron—collided head-on with a Zero. Locked in a fiery metal tangle, the rival ships tumbled end over end into the sea.

His death marked the end of a five-day aerial assault on the enemy stronghold of Rabaul that left the base in shambles. The cost to VF-17: Five planes. The cost to the Japs: 65 Zeroes.

ON February 1, VF-17 was flying cover for a carrier strike on Tobera, when a swarm of Zero fighters tried to cut the Corsairs off to get Nip bombers and torpedo planes through to the carriers. As the Japs darted forward to meet them, Burriss and his wingman Jagger led the counter-attack in steep, sliding split-S dives.

Burriss was overeager and started blasting at a Zero 400 yards away, too far for accuracy. But the old luck was with him. His second burst caught a Jap directly in the engine and blue flame ringed the cowling.

"Great shot!" Jagger said.

"You never saw better!" Burriss sang back.

Japs were on all sides of them as the other Corsairs came diving to the rescue. Burriss looked up through his canopy and saw the sky above him whirling with a bee-swarm of round wing tips and square wing tips and vivid Rising Sun insignia.

Jagger was in a bind, with five Japs on his tail.

"Dive!" Burriss roared into the mike, banking and going for "tail-end Charley." Forgetting his own safety, he revved the Corsair right into the middle of the bandits on Jagger's tail, his 50s spitting.

The Zeroes broke to right and left and Jagger was in the clear. Suddenly Burriss's belly constricted. Tracers were whipping past his own wings, and two Japs were right behind him. He rolled, dived, jinxed the Corsair every way he knew how, yet he could not shake them. Slugs shattered the instrument panel and he felt the sting of 7.7s that bit through the back-seat armor plate and slammed into his shoulder. His left arm went numb.

Burriss was not frightened. Just surprised. *Where was that fickle broad, Lady Luck?* he wondered. It couldn't be happening to him. Then the whole cockpit erupted in flame and smoke as a 20 mm. shell exploded between his legs.

Above him, the others watched in horror as the stricken Corsair hurtled down at the breakneck speed of a toboggan. Then it turned into a balloon of flaming high-test fuel that sent a waterspout high into the air. . .

That night the men of VF-17 were quietly resigned as they sipped beer and played cards. It had to happen. Secretly every one of them had known Burriss had been living on borrowed time. Men who live with death day after day develop a sixth sense about things like that. Twice before he had cheated fate. Today had been inevitable.

The next day they took off with blood in their eyes. The death of a buddy usually provoked fierce retaliation. They buzzed Rabaul, taunting the Jap pilots to come up and fight. A swarm of 40 accepted the challenge. Before it was finished, a dozen Zeroes had crashed in the sea or the jungle, and a half-dozen more were burning furiously as they turned tail.

But the strain was beginning to tell, more than any of the men of VF-17 realized, with the possible exception of Commander Blackburn himself. He recognized what was happening. Their nerves were as strong as ever, but their reflexes were slipping. The demand for sleeping

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pills at the dispensary was increasing every day. In combat some of the boys were getting trigger happy, trying impossible shots, missing easy ones they should never have missed. There were more close scrapes. More 7.7. holes in the Corsairs. After one mission, one pilot who had spent 15 minutes trying to shake two persistent Zeroes, landed his ship, climbed out, then collapsed weeping like a baby. Unofficially, the flight surgeon started passing out his medicinal liquor.

"Let 'em court martial me," he told Blackburn. "Right now it's the best medicine I can prescribe for your boys."

Blackburn counted the hours as the tour inched toward its conclusion in the first week of March. On their last day aloft, the "Bastards" knocked down 17 planes to bring the scoreboard total to 156 official kills in the air. Unlisted were dozens of probables and dozens more destroyed on the ground. No other fighter squadron in the Pacific—Army, Navy, or Marine—would ever match that record, set in just 75 days of combat over two tours of duty.

There were other records, too. Twenty five Jap naval vessels destroyed. Fourteen aces—five or more kills—in one squadron! Nine thousand hours of combat flying.

On the loss side, VF-17 showed only 20 Corsairs and 12 pilots. A minimal loss in the record books, but not to Blackburn's fliers.

"Twelve too many," said Blackburn. "They were all great guys."

With the collapse of the Japanese in the Solomons and the relentless island-hopping of MacArthur and Halsey in the South and Southwest Pacific Theaters, the enemy was pushed out of the Philippines and back to their own doorstep. The fighting days of VF-17 were practically at an end. There was time for basking in the tropic sun. Card and crap games stretched into the night and through the following day—sometimes for days. The "Bastards" grew fat and lazy. They even instituted a beer run from Guadalcanal—a Corsair could hold a lot of beer cans, stuffed into the ammo cans and the gun heater boxes as well as the cockpit.

Flying the "beer run" could be dangerous. One VF-17 man was ambushed by two Zeroes on his way home with the suds. What with his ammo cans stuffed with beer, the only thing he could do was run like hell. He got away, but not before a stray 7.7 whistled through the cockpit and ripped through a case of beer. There was a magnificent explosion and for the next five minutes our hero was flying blind, choking on the foam that filled the cockpit. He made quite a picture as he staggered out of the ship back at Piva Yoke, drenched in brew. A hunk of jagged metal from one beer can had cut his leg too. That presented Blackburn with quite a dilemma. Was a pilot entitled to a Purple Heart for getting wounded by a beer can?

"This kind of a problem could never come up in any other squadron, Skipper," the exec said with a grin.

No, it couldn't. Not in a million wars. It could only have happened to the zany reject "Bastards" of VF-17! END

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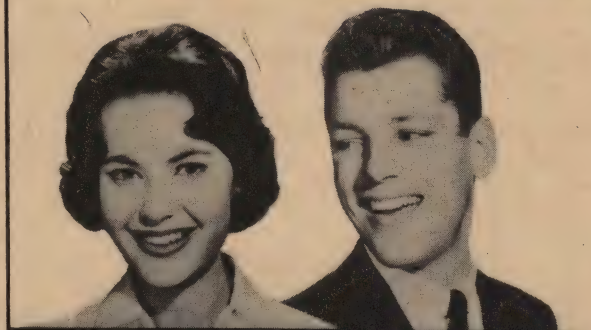

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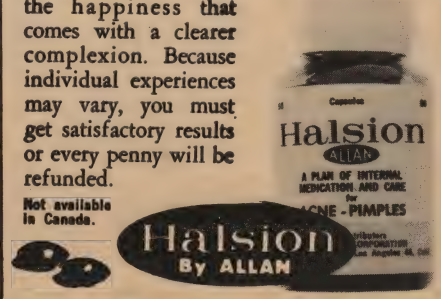

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FRAULEIN CITY

Continued from Page 30

American troops had set up headquarters when he saw a little group of German men in tight-fitting black suits walking toward him. The leader, a fiercely-mustached erect old man, had a large cloth ribbon and medallion around his neck. He walked directly over to Roma and extended his hand.

Roma nodded. Then the German took off his ribboned medallion and placed it around Roma's neck. In halting English he explained that he was the burgomaster of Eberstadt and had just transferred civil power to the GI. It was as an expression of good faith and friendship between his people and all Americans.

By now the square was crowded with people. After the little ceremony, some of the girls and young children began to clap. People began to scurry up with more gifts for the Americans. Soon Roma, Matthews, and Disher were swallowed up in a crowd of over 300 people.

"The main body of your troops will be here soon?" the old burgomaster asked with a timid smile.

Roma had grasped the situation. "Yes, we're an advance party. The others will follow."

The burgomaster translated his words to the crowd. Now the people were happier. Someone brought out an accordion and began to play. People began to dance, laugh, jostle each other happily. One girl, bolder than the rest, pulled Disher away and started dancing with him.

"We are sick of war here," the burgomaster explained. "We have been waiting for the Americans to come."

AS HE spoke, a group of giggling, buxom young Brunhildes of Eberstadt lifted Roma on their shoulders, carrying him around the square. Bottles of wine and schnapps were passed through the crowd, and two old men rolled out a barrel of beer onto the cobblestoned streets. Soon the townspeople were all singing. From his swaying perch in the girls' arms, Roma could see Matthews, his hands pinching the hips of two girls, while he kissed a third. Off to one side of the square, Disher was being pulled into a doorway by two curvaceous, laughing young teenagers. Eberstadt had been liberated, and its celebration had begun. . . .

Only four days before, Roma had been hugging the hard dirt on a hill outside Colmar, close to the German border. Fox Company was hemmed in under a murderous German artillery barrage. And Pfc. Tony Roma, 24, an ex-art student from Cleveland, Ohio, now an infantryman, was chewing dirt.

Colmar was the last fortified town before the American Army would sweep into Wurttemberg, Germany. If they overran it, the Germans would be fighting on their own soil. And they were making the Americans pay in blood for every foot of ground, as they did on other fronts toward the war's end.

The Germans were on top of the hill, above Fox Company, pouring down a withering fire. Men crouched in shallow shell craters for protection, and they were the lucky ones. Medics scurried half erect to help the wounded. Off to one side Roma heard a shrill cry and saw a man flop back, most of his head blasted away by a mortar shell.

He cursed softly under his breath. Where was their artillery support? Where was it? At last it came. From the rear, thundering salvos, hitting up on top of the hill, covering it with smoke. Instinctively, Roma pushed ahead, toward the top of the hill, men falling beside him. He reached the crest, blasted one German machine gunner, saw the man fall backward, a look of amazement on his face.

Now the hill behind him was swarming with GIs. The defenses of Colwam had been breached. The Germans were falling back. From the hill Roma could see dim figures running into cars down in the city, a line of troops in the distance hastily retreating. Now the Americans could make the run into Germany.

The next few days, the offensive moved rapidly. The whole Division started its spearhead into Hitler's Reich, and the men of Fox Company found themselves racing out in front, bone-tired but pushing ahead. But the incredible swiftness of the drive not only caused confusion in the German High Command (which it was supposed to do), but also among the American troops. Outfits often had no idea what position they were in with regard to the main body of the army.

Sleeping one night in an abandoned, shell-torn farmhouse with his buddies, Privates Pete Matthews and John Disher, Roma awoke to find that the rest of Fox Company was gone. Only a few empty cartons and tins of K rations showed where over 50 men had been the night before.

"They lost track of us," Roma said. "Must have moved out an hour or so ago. We'll foot it ahead. We'll catch up with them."

The other two nodded. They started trudging over the low sloping hills. As they walked, they saw fewer and fewer signs of war.

"I feel more like a tourist than a

soldier," Matthews said with a laugh.

"If we keep on in one direction, something is bound to cross our path," Roma said. "We'll catch up with some detachment, even if it isn't our own outfit."

They pushed through the countryside until dark. That night they slept in a small woods. After a breakfast of K rations, they struck out in the same direction again. After two hours Disher spotted a road off to the right.

"Roads lead somewhere," Roma said. "Let's go."

The three GIs took the road, enjoying the quiet, bracing air of mid-morning. As they turned a sharp bend in the road, they were amazed to find themselves about to step into a quaint, picturesque German village. They stopped abruptly. Nobody took a shot at them. The town was peaceful.

"Probably our guys have been through it already," Matthews said. "Let's find the MPs and see where our outfit is."

AND that was how three battle-weary Yanks stumbled into a German town—and into one of the wildest occupations of World War II. . . .

The morning after the celebration in Eberstadt, Roma woke up with a king-sized hangover in a king-sized four-poster bed. It took a second for him to remember where he was. As he crawled out from beneath the thick eiderdown quilts to get some cold water, he almost spilled a naked blond girl to the floor. He looked at her blearily. The girl shook her head, and brushed her long hair out of her eyes.

"Good morning," she said sleepily. Then she arched her firm body back on the bed and smiled at him.

But Roma had other things on his mind now. "Where are the others?" he asked her.

"The mayors are in the other room," she said.

"The mayors?" he said, startled.

Then it all came back to him. They were all mayors of Eberstadt now. He was the head mayor; Disher and Matthews were deputy mayors. As Roma threw cold water on his head from the sink in the ornate bathroom of the inn, the full impact of his predicament came back to him. The schnapps, the wine, and Greta, the blonde in the bed — all part of the excitement the night before — had dulled the seriousness of the situation. Here they were, three ordinary GIs, in a town of about a thousand people, off the beaten track of the war, and they were supposed to keep order until the main body of troops got there. But who knew when they'd arrive?

Roma remembered that before the celebration had gotten completely out of hand he had been smart enough to have the Germans turn in all the weapons in the town. Then he'd locked them up — shotguns, rifles, even blunderbusses that belonged in antique collections — in a storage room in the inn. He reached in his pocket. Yes, he still had the key. He'd done something right anyway. But to get so tanked — that hadn't been smart. But what the hell.

Roma lit a cigarette. Before the war he'd only been a shipping clerk going to

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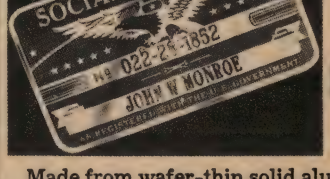

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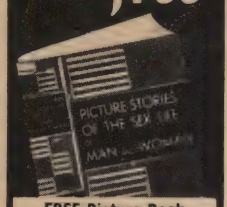

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art school at night. It was no training for capturing a German town, let alone becoming its mayor. But then, what the hell *would* be training for an oddball thing like that, anyway?

That morning over breakfast Roma talked over the situation with Disher and Matthews.

"These people think we're the spearhead for the whole damned American army," he said. "We better keep them thinking we are. Sometime, sooner or later, our guys should show. Up till then, we might as well make the best of it. I, for one, am going to play this mayor deal up to the hilt."

Matthews and Disher, shoveling mouthfuls of scrambled eggs and washing them down with glasses of cold milk, nodded in agreement.

And so began the wild spectacle of the three GIs ruling the German town. Their first problem was simple: keep the people busy. Roma's first act as mayor that day was to call in the old burgomaster.

"What we're going to do," Roma said, "is to have a victory celebration. When the columns of men and tanks hit Eberstadt, we're going to give them the biggest damn welcome we can. We're gonna have flags, and bunting and decorations, we're gonna have a band and kids with flowers — the works. Those dogfaces will be so surprised they'll probably fall down," he grinned. "And they'll be very pleased."

In the next few hours the three GIs started making preparations. While doing it, they found out why there were so few men in village and so many young girls. All the men left in Eberstadt had been taken off to fight in the last-ditch battle for Germany. Those of military age had long since gone; lately the SS had taken the teenagers and old men. The people in Eberstadt quietly voiced their hate for the German High Command.

The girls had been working at a parachute factory outside of town. All were accomplished seamstresses, so making the bunting and flags for the hoped-for celebration would be easy. Disher volunteered to go off to the plant and get things rolling, while Matthews and Roma went down to the town hall to look over their new offices. By now they were beginning to enjoy their roles as mayors. Nodding pleasantly,

"May I take your order, sir?"

yet rather officially, to some young girls, they climbed the steps to the centuries-old town hall. Roma sat down in the high-backed chair behind the huge old walnut desk. He put his feet up on the desk and smiled at Matthews.

"Getting ready for the celebration blast should keep them busy for a day or two. By then our term of office will probably be over. Of course if the Kraut army counterattacks, we'll all be out of office a lot quicker."

Matthews winced. "I've been thinking of that," he said.

But they didn't have long to worry about a returning German army. Bowing himself into the room, the burgomaster entered with two elderly policemen leading a disheveled, hard-looking, middle-aged woman.

"She is the forelady of the parachute plant," he said. "A Nazi. She has beaten the girls for no reason, made them work 15 hours a day, and kept them on short rations while she lived like a queen."

"Ja, ja," came a chorus of calls from a group of girls in the hallway. They began to crowd into the room, spitting at the woman, pulling at her dress.

Roma jumped up and pulled the woman away from the jeering girls. She was trying to keep up a brave front, but she was obviously frightened.

"Kill the old cow," one girl shouted out. "Or let us handle her." Roma got the drift of it.

He realized that the crowd was waiting for him to do something. They weren't kidding about this mayor stuff. He was supposed to decide what to do with the woman. Drawing heavily on all the courtroom scenes from movies he'd seen, Roma held a trial right there in the burgomaster's office. Girl after girl spat out her venom against the forelady. At first the woman tried to defend herself. Then she finally broke down completely.

"Little bitches," she hissed. "You all deserve it. What good are you for except to work and rut?"

When the burgomaster translated this to the two Americans, Matthews got mad. "Why not let them have her, Tony," he said. "From what I've heard, the old bag has it coming to her."

"NO," Roma said. "If we start killing, there's no saying where it will end. Probably half the people in this burg have something against one another, and we have no way of telling who's telling the truth. This one's guilty as hell, of course, but we'll fix her wagon another way.

"We'll make her the girls' personal maid. She can wash their clothes, bring their food, make their beds. They can work her 24 hours a day if they want, but they can't touch her."

Then Roma told the burgomaster his decision, cautioning that the woman was not to be harmed physically. At first the girls did not like the ruling. Then, as they began to imagine the pleasure they would have in ordering their old tormentress to do their dirty work, they broke into excited smiles and laughter.

And so went the first day, with only a break for a huge meal of roast duck, red

cabbage, potatoes, and towering pitchers of beer. Roma decided a case of an elderly woman accused of stealing a pig; a thirteen-year-old kid accused of going out after the the town's curfew of eight o'clock; a farmer whose dog was suspected of killing a neighbor's chickens. All in all, Roma was proud of himself. It had been a pretty good day for his first fling at being a mayor.

That night at dinner, the three GIs ate in the village inn. Disher was full of stories about the factory.

"Tony, boy, you should see all them blond broads, hundreds of them. And no men in this town. They're the eagerest, hungriest, frauleins anybody ever heard of. I hope the Army never comes! I asked three of them to come here tonight to see us. I thought we'd have a party."

DISCHER had hardly finished his sentence when the door to the inn flew open and eight smiling, scrubbed-looking, ample-curved girls came into the room. They were laughing, and some were waving schnapps bottles. All were dressed in their Sunday best. They descended on Disher at the table, pulling at his ears, throwing their arms around him, kissing him. The lanky redhead was having the time of his life.

"But I only said three of you, Ilse," he said chidingly to one petite, pleasantly rounded girl with long brown hair streaming almost to her waist.

"I couldn't stop them," she laughed. "They all wanted to come and give a proper welcome to their new mayors." She winked at Roma and Matthews.

The second night in Eberstadt ended much like the first — except when Roma awoke the next morning, there was a fraulein curled up on either side of him. And when he went to wake his deputy mayors, there were six girls in their room in various stages of nudity. Both Disher and Matthews were passed out on the floor, smiling blissfully.

That day Roma told the burgomaster he would not hold court. Instead, he asked for, and received, a set of paints and brushes from the town's art teacher. Then he went off into the courtyard at the back of the old town hall, leaving strict orders that no one should disturb him.

The day before, Roma had seen a huge white-washed wall from the corner window of the burgomaster's office. The celebrations of the last two nights, the fact that he was mayor, and the fact that at any time the Germans might come back and retake the city, all combined to bring out the artist in Roma. By God, if he had the opportunity, he was going to do it. As Roma stared at the wall, suddenly he began to see a huge, wonderful painting take shape. He would paint the biggest, damndest mural anybody had ever seen.

The only person he let into the courtyard the next morning was Greta, the blonde who'd shared his bed the first night in Eberstadt. She brought him five or six large sheets to cover his work from prying eyes; she carried bottles of white wine, a supply of thick sandwiches, and more paints from the village art teacher's stock. That evening at dinner, the two of them

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came out of the courtyard—Greta smiling, but obviously tired; Roma paint-smeared but happy.

The next day, Roma delegated his authority as head mayor to Matthews, who settled a case of petty thievery, served as official representative at a wedding of two villagers in their late 60s, and fined a shopkeeper who had been selling food with a doctored scale. That morning, Greta didn't bring Roma's wine and sandwiches. Two teenaged twin sisters, the Loebring girls — slim, high-breasted, striking brunettes — officiated in her place. When the sun went down they all repaired back to the inn. Roma was happy, but tense, like a man driven. The Loebring twins were a little dazed and limp.

Matthews and Disher were living it up. Matthews was glorying in retrospect about his day as mayor. Expansive under several glasses of schnapps, idly patting the bottom of a plump fraulein sitting on his lap, he held forth.

"YEAH, I think when I get back to the States, I'll go into politics. I got a definite knack for it. Like this case of the grocery guy, cheating these poor people on his scale. That's a terrible thing. Yeah, maybe I'll be a Congressman, or maybe a mayor. Why not?"

Disher was in the center of the inn, dancing some kind of wild folk dance known only to Eberstadt, Germany and Teaneck, New Jersey. He came back to the table to drain a huge beaker of cold, white wine.

"Whew!" He wiped the back of his hand across his mouth. "You know, a lot of people wouldn't know it, Tony, but to be a factory manager you can't have the help work all the time. You have to have your girls relax some, too. Why, I got them little babies making the Stars and Stripes and signs and pennants like two-legged sewing machines. 'Cause they know the boss will see that they have a good party in the evening. Work, then relax — that's the ticket. I'm cut out to be a businessman, no doubt about it." He lurched off to start another dance.

So it went for two more days. Roma was painting furiously — but always with different girls going into the courtyard, leaving that night — some happy and singing, others shy, not saying a word. Matthews continued to hand down decisions. Disher made the old parachute factory hum.

But still no Americans came. The sixth night, the GIs huddled around a German radio, trying to find out where the war had gone. But none of them knew enough German to understand the news broadcast, and they didn't want to let the burgomaster or anybody else know that they hadn't any idea of what was going on.

"We've got to keep bluffing," Roma said. "These people are fond of us and all that, and they're sick of the war, but they thought it was guts that made us walk into this town — not stupidity."

That evening, as the three of them were demonstrating the intricacies of strip poker to four lithe-limbed, incredibly endowed frauleins, they heard the distant thunder of guns. Somewhere out there a war was going on, and it was moving toward Eberstadt. The next morning, they could hear the rumble of tanks in the distance. My God, it was coming from the front of them — from the German side.

"I don't care if it *is* the Krauts," Disher said stubbornly. "I got my bunting, I got my flags, and I'm going to put them out."

And together with the frauleins of Eberstadt, he did just that. But it wasn't the Germans. Because, as the first line of tanks, followed by two speeding staff cars, roared into town, Roma could spot the star on a tank's side. The town was bedecked with flags, and gaily colored parachute decorations fluttered above the townspeople lining the streets. The Americans had at last reached Eberstadt. The three GIs stood in the town square as a colonel stepped out of his staff car and answered their salute.

"You men all alone here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Roma said.

The colonel looked up at the massed display of Stars and Stripes. He seemed stunned. A little girl came over and handed him a basket of flowers.

"How long have you been here?"

"Seven days, sir," Roma answered.

"I'll be damned."

And then it was almost all over. As the men climbed out of the tanks, the colonel heard of Roma's story.

"Just the three of you? I'll be damned! And what else did you do all the time?" he asked Roma, whose boots and trousers were still spattered with paint.

"Why, I painted a mural," Roma said.

He led the colonel into the courtyard, reached up and tore down the sheets that covered the long wall. And then they saw it. An amazing, 30-foot long, brightly colored mural of nude girls — some slender, slim-hipped, high-breasted; some big, bold, and gloriously vulgar. In all poses — some impudent, some wanton, some demure. But all were drawn from life from the wonderful, willing frauleins of Eberstadt.

"Well, I'll be damned again," the colonel said. END

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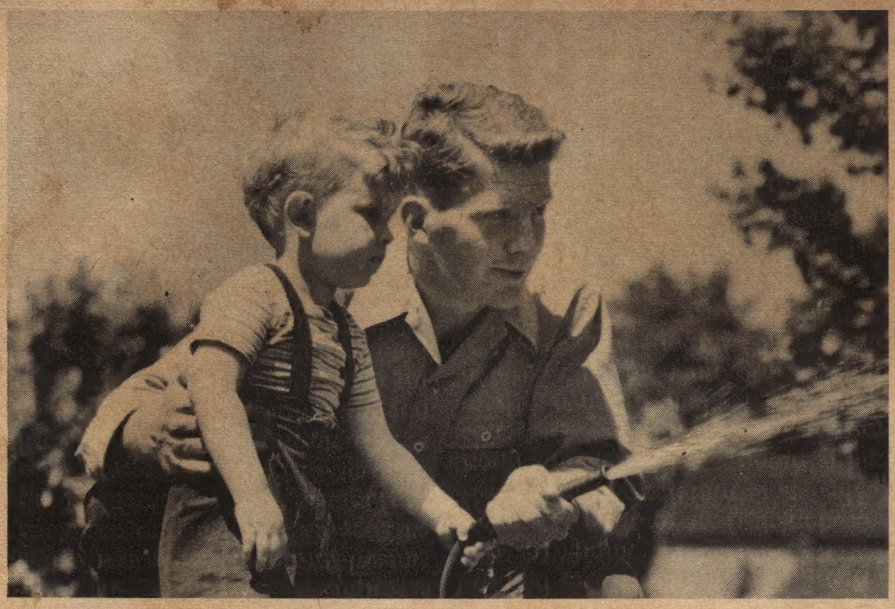

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STEAM and DIESEL POWER
- ☐ Boiler Inspector
- ☐ Power Plant Engineering
- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engineering
- ☐ Steam Engineering

SUPERVISION
- ☐ Foremanship—Supv'n
- ☐ Personnel—Lab. Rel'ns

TV-RADIO
- ☐ Radio and TV Servicing
- ☐ Radio-Telephone License
- ☐ TV Technician
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Engineering

MISCELLANEOUS
- ☐ Railroad
- ☐ Textile
- ☐ Other (please specify)

Name_____ Age_____ Sex_____

Home Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Occupation_____

Employed by_____ Working Hours_____

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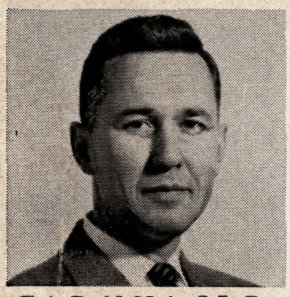
During the past few years, Auto Claim Investigating and Adjusting has been having a spectacular growth. Insurance companies everywhere are looking for people who know how to handle this specialized work—*and are prepared to pay any man well who can fill the bill.* In addition, they offer every opportunity for rapid advancement to executive positions and the high bracket incomes that go with them. And in addition—and because experienced help is so scarce—they offer many important fringe benefits.



Eric P. McNair, L L. B., President, Liberty School

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Why is all this true? You'll find the complete story and the answer in the records compiled by Federal, State and Local Authorities. According to these records, more than 25,000,000 auto accidents occurred last year. This means that twenty-five million claims had to be settled—More Than 69,000 Claims Every Day!

But before a single adjustment could be made—before hardly a single claim could be settled—*a trained person had to investigate the accident!*

Work That MUST Be Done

These investigations cannot be put off. Delays can cost money! Insurance companies cannot afford to let claims drag on—and mount up! They must be settled, because huge reserves of money are tied up by law when claims are unsettled.

It is easy to see why the Claim Investigator and Adjustor plays a leading part in almost every auto accident that occurs each year, and why, with more cars on the road each year, more and more trained men are needed. Here's ONE job no machine will ever replace!

Work Part-Time or Full-Time!

The foregoing are *facts*... facts you can easily verify if you care to check with *any* insurance company or *any* law office. And it explains why *even beginners* in the field can count on a starting salary, including extras that usually comes to well over $100 a week!

But a salary like this is only the beginning. Insurance companies, for example, usually furnish their Claim Investigators a company car and the company pays for the upkeep. Or if he drives his own car the company pays him a mileage allowance to cover operating costs. Nor is that all. Because much of the work is confidential, many companies provide private offices and secretaries for their claim investigators.

HOW YOUR EXPENSES ARE PAID

When a Claim Investigator's work takes him away from his office, the company pays his expenses while he is gone. On top of all these "extras" you usually get a liberal sick leave allowance, hospitalization insurance, life insurance, a pension plan, and many other benefits.

And remember that the Claim Investigator's life is filled with new experiences and new interests. No two cases are alike! Each day presents exciting new problems, and back of it all is the deep, inner satisfaction of having solved them fairly, justly.

You Associate with Important People

In this kind of work you meet interesting people, important people, influential people such as lawyers, police chiefs, judges. Each one is a new adventure. These are the kind of people worth knowing. They are the kind of people who can help you to get ahead faster and such acquaintances often develop into life-long friendships worth far more than financial gain.

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You can even make your own home your headquarters. No office rent to pay—almost no overhead. Your chief expense is the investment of a few dollars for stationery, business cards and record sheets.

You can even start in your spare time—keeping your regular job until the day arrives when your spare time income is more than the amount of your regular pay. Then you can devote full time to this fascinating work and start to win the kind of financial security you have always wanted.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED—SOME HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION IMPORTANT

It does not matter in the least what kind of work you may be doing now. Many men in the most humdrum, small pay jobs have thrown off the shackles that bound them to desk or work bench and learned the fundamentals that made it possible for them to step into worthwhile jobs as Automobile Claim Adjustors. *And all they had to start was a driving desire to get ahead.*

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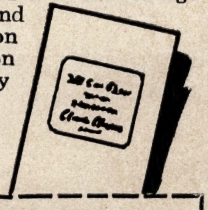
I have prepared a special Portfolio in which I explain carefully all the business and social benefits that can be yours as an Auto Insurance Claim Investigator. It tells what to do to get into this fascinating, fast growing business. There is no charge for this Portfolio. No salesman will call and you will not be under the slightest obligation by sending for it. Mail the handy coupon below to Eric P. McNair, President, Liberty School of Claim Investigating, Dept. 118 Libertyville, Ill. (The Liberty School of Claim Investigating is approved as a Private Business School by State of Illinois).



MR. ERIC P. McNAIR, President, Dept. 118
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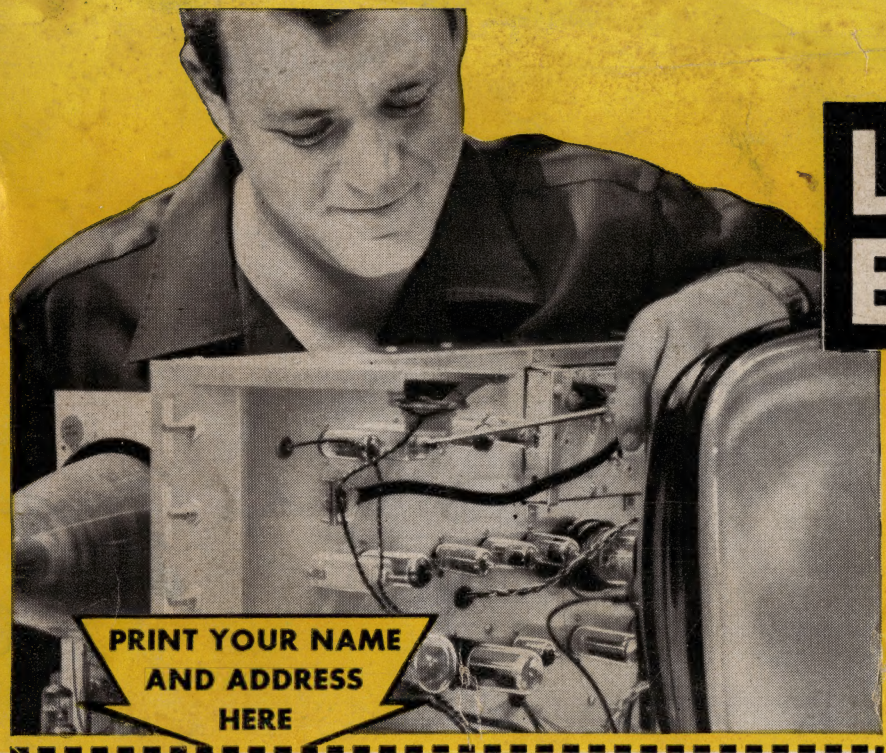

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"I have a spare time shop and also do work for four dealers. Before I started with NRI, I didn't know a resistor from a condenser." EARL GROSS, Hanover, Ontario, Can.

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"After graduating I was a shipboard radio operator. Now, I am chief engineer of Station WARA." RAYMOND D. ARNOLD, Attleboro, Mass.

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